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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Pilgrimage to the Temples and Tombs of Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, in 1845-6. By Mrs. ROMER, Author of "The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquivir," &c. In two vols. Bentley.

Your matter-of-fact traveller is a very dull companion; duller than a catalogue, for he is more wordy—heavier than a hand-book, for he usually tries to variegate his learning with wit, which is more dull even than his wisdom. He crams you with information; is minute to fractions as to dates, heights, depths, and breadths; describes landscapes by measurement, and humanity by statistics. His narrative is a useful addition to the library of reference, but deliver us from the task of reading it chapter by chapter.

Only less unpleasantly erring on the other side is your rapturous traveller, ever speaking in superlatives and writing with notes of admiration. He stuns us with repetitions of epithets; tries, by piling up big words, to convey great ideas; and paints everything as it was presented to his heated imagination, and not as it is in the sober reality.

A third class of travellers is that of the cynical disposition, who sneer at all they see and hear—find humbug in every thing—delight to brush away the bloom with which fancy has invested places and persons far distant, and around whom poetry and romance have shed their spells.

Mrs. ROMER belongs to the second, or enthusiastic class. She is ever in raptures, and her narrative is consequently spun to a needless length by interjections which rather detract from than add to the completeness of her pictures. Another fault she has which must be noted: she has too much elaborated her work. The substance of these two volumes might advantageously have been condensed into one. Mrs. ROMER has really a story to tell; she has seen a great deal which the world will be pleased to hear; her powers of description are by no means despicable; she boasts an eye quick to observe, and a memory strong to retain. With such qualifications it is to be regretted that she should have fallen into the tricks of the professional book-maker, and studied length rather than effect. The ground over which she passed has been often before trodden and described, but her sex afforded to Mrs. ROMER advantages which give to much of her narrative the value of entire freshness. She beheld a great deal which a man is not permitted to view; and that which male travellers have already seen and described, as a woman she saw in

new aspects; and the charm of Travels lies in the faithfulness with which they convey the impressions upon the mind of the tourist. In this respect Mrs. ROMER's rambles in Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine are peculiarly valuable, and recommend themselves to those who use travels as books rather for reading than for reference. Weeded of a considerable portion of their contents, the remainder of these handsome volumes would command a reputation beyond the season, and that they are worthy of a hasty perusal the following extracts will prove. We gather them without regard to order of place, as so many isolated pictures possessing some claims to attention for their novelty, and as being very favourable specimens of the work from which they are taken.

We begin with a description of

THE PASHA'S GARDEN.

There is another fine garden in the vicinity of Cairo, which belongs to Ibrahim Pasha, and occupies the whole of the little island of Rhoda; the locality pointed out to travellers as being the spot where Pharaoh's daughter went down to the river to bathe, and found the infant Moses among the bulrushes. This garden is under the superintendence of Mr. Trail, a Scottish horticulturist; and is rich in every variety of Tropical vegetation and Indian trees, besides whatever European productions can be made to succeed in this dry and burning climate. It is laid out in the English style; and the beautiful flower-beds, and the graceful willows drooping their flexible branches over marble balustrades into the calm Nile, reminded me of the fair gardens of the West, and some of those lovely creations of my own country, which have no equal in any other part of the world. No pains or expense have been spared in rendering the gardens of Rhoda as complete as possible: but when I inquired of Mr. Trail whether Ibrahim Pasha understands enough of botany or horticulture to appreciate the rare collection of plants and trees he has assembled together there, he assured me that all his highness's knowledge of that science is comprised in enjoying a fine peach when it is served at his table. The ladies of his harem are occasionally permitted to visit the gardens; but Mr. Trail declares that he would rather see a flight of locusts alight upon the premises than these fair recluses. They gather half the flowers, tread down the remainder, devour all the fruit within their reach, and six months are scarcely sufficient to repair the ravages effected in less than six hours by them when they are let loose in the bowers of Rhoda.

If any proof were wanting of the real greatness of Egypt's ruler, it would be found in the never-tiring eagerness with which we read accounts of him, and of his doings. Not the least interesting that has appeared is Mrs. ROMER's sketch of

MOHAMMED ALI.

We were riding *en file* through a very crowded thoroughfare, Mr. P. immediately preceding me, when to my dismay I beheld a man, brandishing a long courbash, rush through the

through, and inflict a violent blow upon our unoffending friend, followed by a second one applied to his equally unoffending donkey. The first impulse of Mr. P. was to raise his whip and return the blow; but the influence of those conscientious scruples which forbid to the members of his religious persuasion all violent measures, or the indulgence of angry recrimination, quickly resumed its empire over his well-regulated mind, and his hand fell without having visited the outrage he had received upon its author, although I could see from the flush on his cheek and the sparkle in his eye, that the triumph of principle over passion had not been achieved without an inward struggle. All this had passed so rapidly that no time had been left us even to conjecture its meaning; but I believe that I, too, was coming in for my share of the assault and battery dealt around by this apparent maniac, when Mohammed, rushing towards me, seized the bridle of my donkey, and suddenly backing it into a corner, explained the whole affair by exclaiming, "Mohammed Ali!" Back fell the crowd; all the gentlemen of our party immediately dismounted and uncovered (with the exception of our friend, whose peculiar tenets again prescribed that he should pursue another course), and onward galloped two men on horseback, followed by an escort mounted on dromedaries, the foremost of whom bore the Viceroy's prayer-carpet; then came the Viceroy, seated alone in an European *calèche*, drawn by four fine greys, his coachman and two footmen dressed in scarlet-and-gold Memlook habits; and the *cortège* was closed by another escort on dromedaries, carrying the Pasha's *chibouques*, enclosed in crimson-and-gold cases, with their accompanying apparatus of large silver censers for containing fire. The speed with which his highness was driven compelled the dromedaries to proceed at a long trot, a pace which produces the most ludicrous effect in these uncouth-looking animals; nevertheless, we could not but agree that they looked thoroughly in keeping with the *cortège* of an African potentate. Mohammed Ali graciously returned the salutations of our party.

At Jerusalem we are introduced to

AN ENTHUSIAST.

We reached the gate of Damascus, which terminated our circuit; and just as we were about to re-enter the city by that way, our progress was arrested by an accidental meeting with a countryman of our own, an extraordinary enthusiast, whose appearance struck us much from the dignity of his bearing and the manly beauty of his countenance. He was apparently about thirty-five years of age, and was dressed in the oriental costume; but the fashion of his beard, and the manner in which he wore his long fair hair divided on his forehead and falling underneath his turban in waves over his shoulders, together with the delicacy of his complexion and features, shewed him to be foreign to the people of this land, and gave something picturesque to the character of his head—something that reminded me of Carlo Dolce's representations of our Saviour. Seeing our guide salute this man familiarly, I asked who he was, and upon learning that he was an Englishman I was induced to stop and speak to him. We learned from the stranger that he has now been ten years in Jerusalem, and that he intends never to leave it. He is in daily expectation of the second coming of Christ, the return of the lost tribes, and the gathering together of the Jews as a nation; and all this, he avers, must inevitably take place in the present generation, and, he confidently hopes, within his own lifetime. The signs of the times are his guides, and the Bible is his only library. I asked him if many of the Jews in Jerusalem shared in his convictions; but his answer was, that, as yet, he has found no persons who exactly think as he does, and that therefore he has gradually ceased all communication with others, and lives entirely alone in a small habitation on Mount Sion. In reply to another question, he told me that he had broken asunder every earthly tie; that he has put aside all the affections of the flesh; and that since his establishment here he has never once communicated with his family in England. "And have you no longing to hear of your parents?" said I: "None; for I am here in the house of my Father!" was his reply. Our guide says that he is a most worthy man, and was much esteemed by the late Bishop Alexander, although looked upon by him as more than half mad.

Mrs. ROMER's curiosity was excited by an invitation

to a feast which, at home, is always one about which the fortunate visitors are expected to bring back to their friends "a full, true, and particular account." Accordingly, our fair tourist is minute in her description of

A COPT WEDDING.

As the family is a very wealthy one, and that a double marriage was celebrated (that of the son and that of the daughter of the house), every thing was on a scale of great magnificence and liberality. We found the interior court of the dwelling brilliantly illuminated with tier suspended over tier of large chandeliers, producing the effect of a tree of light, and literally crowded with male guests. In the midst of them were seated the famous musicians of Cairo. * * * Noise, and not harmony, or even melody as understood by us, appeared to be their aim; and I was very glad to escape from their vicinity, and to be conducted by the master of the house to the apartments on the first floor, where all the *élite* of the male guests were assembled (for although the Copts are Christians, their women live in as strict seclusion from the male part of the community as Mahometan females, and veil their faces as completely out of doors). The large room into which we were ushered was covered with beautiful Persian carpets, and lighted not only by a large chandelier, but by a number of wax lights of enormous dimensions contained in very tall silver candlesticks placed upon the ground. I was seated in the corner of ceremony of the divan, against a window overlooking the crowded court below, from whence I could see the proceedings of the *fantasia*, and hear the songs of the Almé, or famous singing women, who usually attend all the wealthy weddings of the Cairens, and are paid by the contributions of the guests at a rate which our most eminent Italian artists would be glad to receive; and there *chibouques*, *narghilés*, coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet were served to us. After half an hour passed among the taciturn Copt guests,—whose gloomy countenances appear to have no affinity with the lively Arabs of Egypt, and in whose downcast eyes and dark brows may be traced the stigma of a people who betrayed their country to the Infidel,—I was conducted by the master of the house to the entrance of the harem; where some negress slaves in their gala dresses received me, and ushered me into the presence of the presiding lady. There she sat, enthroned among cushions, and surrounded by at least a hundred female guests, who, from the bright colours of their gold-embroidered garments, looked like a bed of tulips. The elder ladies wore Indian shawls thrown over their heads and shoulders,—the young ones veils of pink, blue, or white gauze, edged with gold or silver needlework. A quantity of diamond ornaments were displayed, but all of them badly set; and among the numerous company assembled, I did not perceive one beautiful face—scarcely one pretty one—and many disfigured by having only one eye. In my capacity of stranger I was immediately placed by the side of the hostess, and furnished with a *narghilé*; and a china saucer was filled with choice morsels from a large tray of confectionery and *bon-bons*, and handed to me together with some of the most delicate rose sherbet I ever tasted. After these preliminaries were over, the lady arose, and, taking me by the hand, conducted me into an adjacent chamber, where, stretched upon a sofa, lay the two young brides; one of them fast asleep in the arms of a negress nurse, their heads and faces closely muffled in white cotton coverings, studded over with diamond ornaments, and bound on with diamond circlets. These were for a moment removed by my conductress, and the countenances of two children, apparently not more than twelve years of age, were revealed to me, attenuated with fatigue, and possessing not a single beauty. They were both dressed exactly alike in yellaks and trowsers of the richest scarlet-and-gold Aleppo satin, with white India cachemires round their waists, and splendid diamond *choors* upon their tarbooshes; and when the mother had pointed out to me which was her own daughter, and made me examine the rich ornaments worn by both brides, we withdrew, and left the poor tired little creatures to their repose.

Very lively is this picture of

GRAND CAIRO.

This morning I awoke in a new world! The sun, the bright sunshine of Egypt, streamed in golden rays through the curtains of the vast projecting window of my bedchamber; strange,

unwonted noises were heard in the street below, and roused me from a dream of home. * * Early as the hour was, the space before the hotel was already full of life, and movement, and noise (for nothing here is done quietly). Near the door were kneeling two camels laden with stones, and growling vehemently; notwithstanding the blows rained upon them by their drivers, they would not get up—they had been overloaded, or badly loaded, and refused to rise until their burthens should be more equitably disposed of; and this, their firm determination, they conveyed to their task-masters by sounds and gestures not to be misunderstood. * * Here a group of old Arabs in huge white turbans squatted under a wall, were waving their fly-flappers over the heaps of flat cakes of bread and ripe dates, that were spread upon the ground before them for sale. There stood a serpent-charmer, with a large living snake coiled twice round his neck, and a bag full of lively vipers in each hand, offering his services to whoever wished their premises to be cleared of such unwelcome guests. In the centre of the place were gathered together twenty or thirty donkeys, all ready caparisoned for hire, with high-fronted saddles, covered with red morocco, and carpets spread over them, fit to carry gentleman or lady; and their noisy drivers standing by, vociferating among themselves as Arabs only can do; their dark slender limbs, covered merely with a blue cotton shirt, the sleeves of which are gracefully drawn up with cords that cross the shoulders, their swarthy faces surmounted by a voluminous white turban, scarcely one among them possessing two eyes, such are the ravages of ophthalmia in this clime! And lo! immediately facing my window rises the tall minaret of a neighbouring mosque, and from its upper gallery sounded the deep-toned cry of the Muezzin calling the Faithful to prayer. * * And now rushed by a half-naked Arab, running at the top of his speed, and loudly cracking a long whip to clear the way for the Cairene gentleman in silken robes, who followed upon a richly caparisoned steed, all covered with velvet, and gold, and tassels, his pipe-bearer riding close beside him. And hark! what shrieks and shouts are those that ever and anon rise above the noise and clamour of the scene below? The Moristan (or public madhouse) of Cairo is close by, and the frantic merriment and wild yells of its wretched inmates mingle in strange discordance with the busy hum of every-day life.

Among other adventurous doings, Mrs. ROMER succeeded in obtaining access to a sanctuary rarely seen by Christians;

THE MOSQUES.

Yesterday I achieved a rash undertaking,—no less a one than going into the mosques of El Azhar and Hhassaneyn, both of them so sacred to the Moslems that Christians are forbidden to enter them under pain of death; and until within the last few years, were not suffered even to pass before them without incurring the same penalty. There was only one way of obtaining admission, and that was by putting on the Mahometan dress, and passing myself off for an Egyptian woman, with the risk staring me in the face that, should the fraud be discovered, Mohammed, who was to accompany me, would be the first victim sacrificed to the popular fury and prejudice. * * Arrived at the gate of El Hhassaneyn, I dismounted, and, leaving my slippers at the outer door, entered boldly with my female attendant; Mohammed followed at a distance, so as to appear not to belong to me, as it is not customary in Mahometan countries for men to accompany women when they go to a place of worship, but keeping me in sight, so as to be able to come to my assistance should any thing unpleasant have occurred. The mosque was quite full; Tuesday being the day on which the howling dervishes perform their strange rites in it. We first directed our steps towards the *Ckoobbeh*, or saloon of the tomb, containing the shrine that encloses the head of the martyr, El Hhasseyen (the grandson of the prophet); and following the example of my companion, I bowed my forehead against the bronze screen that surrounds it, and kissed the handle of the door; after which we seated ourselves upon the ground among the women, in the part adjacent to the shrine where they congregated to pray. After remaining there some time, we proceeded to the body of the mosque where the men pray, and in the centre of which the howling dervishes were performing their *zikr*. About forty of them placed in a ring held each other by the hands, and swaying

themselves from side to side, shouted "Allah hoo hai," until by degrees their movements became so violent, and their excitement so great, that many of them foamed at the mouth, and some fell down in epilepsy. Several soldiers and other fanatics joined them, and soon became quite as mad and noisy as themselves; but we dared not remain any length of time near the dervishes, as no women were in that part of the mosque; so after walking entirely through the building, we returned to the *Ckoobbeh*, again pressed our foreheads against the screen of the tomb, and then departed. The mosque of El Hhasaneyn is the most sacred of all the religious edifices of Cairo, on account of the holy relic it contains; but in point of architectural merit, it is not to be compared to the mosque of Sultan Hassan. The floors are covered with Persian carpets, and the shrine inclosing the martyr's head appeared to me, as well as I could distinguish through the openwork of the screen, and in the obscure light that prevails in the *Ckoobbeh*, to be covered with plaitings either of gold or of gilt metal. Small lamps are suspended by wires under the dome, as in all other Mahometan places of worship, and ostrich eggs—the symbol of the resurrection—are interspersed among them. There was no preaching going on, but there appeared to be a fair division of praying and conversation among the many persons assembled there. On going out as well as going in, I was beset by the water-vendors that congregate about the doors of mosques, in order to beg money from all well-dressed people, under the pretext of distributing cups of water *gratis* to the poor. My attendant gave them a piece of money for me, and I was then suffered to mount my donkey, and to depart in peace for the mosque of El Azhar. * * * The mosque is situated in the very heart of the city, and in such a labyrinth of thickly populated and narrow streets that no good view of its exterior is to be obtained from any side. It has five entrances, the principal one leading into the vast court paved with marble, which we found full of students, seated upon the pavement in little groups, and studying with their professors. I confess that I trembled as I walked through them, and fancied that every one who looked up at me would discover, from the colour of my eyes and the essence of *khol* round them, that I was an European, and even an Englishwoman;—but nothing of the sort happened, and I got safely into the interior of the mosque. Its great space, and the innumerable quantity of low slender columns with which it is supported, spreading in all directions like a forest, repaid me of the Moorish Mosque of Cordova; but there is no great beauty in El Azhar beyond that which magnitude and airiness produce. We seated ourselves at the foot of one of the columns, and I there made the best use I could of my eyes. The interior of the mosque was quite as full as the great court, and the groups were highly characteristic and exceedingly picturesque: the base of each column being surrounded by a little turbaned conclave, deep in either the study of, or dissertations on, the Koran. Some, with their eyes half-closed, listened in a state of dreamy beatitude; others rocked themselves to and fro, or wagged their heads, as is common for Mahometans to do when engaged in religious practices. Several cats sat by their masters, and looked as solemn and as orthodox as they did; and I am certain, could they have suspected my identity, would have scratched my eyes out for the fraud I was practising upon the followers of the Prophet. In the spaces between the columns hundreds were engaged in their solitary devotions, and very many were stretched fast asleep upon the matting; the Korans, which had thus effectually transported them to the land of dreams, lying by their sides. A very few women were in the mosque, but just sufficient to prevent the presence of myself and my attendant appearing singular. After sitting some time at the foot of my column, while Mohammed, stationed at another one, within sight of me, said his prayers, I made the circuit of the mosque, and then departed by the great court, and the principal entrance, where I had deposited my slippers,—very glad to effect my exit undiscovered, and unable to breathe freely until I had placed several streets between the great hot-bed of Moslem fanaticism and my infidel self,—unable, indeed, even to laugh at the clever way in which I had *done* the grave Ulemas and Moollabs of Cairo, under their very beards!

Egypt's ruler has many faults, but his sway is not all harshness. Here is a fine trait of a despotic government:—

Before we quitted Kenneh, the accidental circumstance of a

dahabieh arriving from Cairo with a sick lady on board brought to our knowledge one of those liberal and praiseworthy regulations emanating from the viceroy, which, I am sorry to say, has no parallel in any Christian country in which I have yet travelled. It would appear that at every considerable town on the banks of the Nile a Frank physician is established, who receives a yearly salary from the Egyptian government for visiting the sick, and providing them with medicines gratis. The Hakim Bashi settled at Kenneh is an Italian of some skill, and of extreme probity. He was called in to attend the invalid in question, a French lady, Madame B. and not only prescribed for her, but caused the medicines her case required to be sent to her; but when Monsieur B. ignorant of the regulation I have above alluded to, attempted to fee the physician, and pay the apothecary's bill, he was met by a firm and uncompromising refusal on the doctor's part to receive remuneration for either visits or drugs. He said he was paid by the viceroy for providing both to all who might require them, and that he made no distinction between natives and strangers. Now, is not this noble, and well worthy of imitation?

It was a brave adventure in a lady to penetrate the wilds of Nubia, and obtain an introduction to

THE NUBIAN COURT AT DERR.

The Kiashef's palace is a mud edifice, rather of a better and more spacious description than those of his subjects, and is preceded by sundry court-yards and flights of broken steps, in which we found no guard of honour, or any living thing in waiting but some meagre-looking goats and a multitude of pigeons. However, at the entrance of his audience-chamber, we were received by a dozen attendants, dressed in white shirts and turbans, and found the Kiashef himself, a fine-looking old man, standing in the middle of the room to receive us. This room, an exceedingly large one, is covered in with beams of palm-trees, thatched over with the dried leaves of that (in this country) tree of all work. The mud-walls, guiltless of either paper or paint, and in all the beautiful simplicity of Nile slime hardened in the sun, looked perfectly clean, as did the clay floor, in the middle of which was a circular heap of ashes, hollowed out in the centre and filled with live embers—a strange adjunct in such a climate, when I tell you that the temperature at this moment is that of June in Italy. At the upper end of the room was spread a large Persian carpet, upon which were placed the prince's cushions, and to the left of him was a smaller Persian carpet, furnished in the same manner with cushions. Upon these we were directed to take our seats, while our host with great dignity assumed his at the head of the room, and desired Mohammed to sit upon the edge of his carpet to interpret for us. Opposite to us on a mat were squatted five Nubians, in very fierce-looking turbans, with their slippers placed before them—the notabilities of the place; for on my asking who they were, Mohammed very naively replied, that they were “the Mollah and the great lawyers of Derr—what you call in England the Attorney-General and Lord Brougham.” (And here, *par parenthèse*, I must tell you, that whenever Mohammed is alluding to the Scheikh-ul-Islam, or head of the Mahometan religion at Cairo, he invariably calls him the Archbishop of Canterbury, by which parallel he fancies he renders the functions of that personage more intelligible to us.) On the wall behind the prince were suspended his Nubian arms, consisting of the broad-bladed sword peculiar to this country, a dagger, shield, and gun. The lower end of the room was occupied by the household servants, standing; and I should imagine, from the rolls of mats and cushions that were piled up there, it must be converted into a dormitory at night. * * * I was then conducted to the harem; the old gentleman's connubial establishment consisting of three Nubian wives and three Abyssinian slaves, with a number of attendants, and children in plenty. My reception took place in a sort of *al fresco* chamber, half of which only is covered in from the rays of the sun by woven palm-leaves; a large mat of the same materials very prettily woven in different colours was spread under this awning, and there my conductors (half-a-dozen of Hussein Kiashef's male household) directed me to seat myself. But I remained standing until the ladies entered, which they presently did in a crowd, smelling so abominably of castor-oil, that I almost sickened at their approach. They

all touched my hands several times, the mode of salutation in this part of the world; and said something which of course I did not understand, to which I replied by saying something equally unintelligible to them; and we then seated ourselves upon the mat and looked at each other, no doubt with similar sentiments of curiosity and—the reverse of admiration. These ladies wore their hair, which in hue and quality is exactly like the fleece of a black sheep (of a sooty, rusty colour), in the Nubian fashion, and so abundantly anointed with castor-oil, that it distilled all down their cheeks and saturated their garments. Their faces are tattooed on the chin and cheeks with blue stars, the under lip is dyed blue, and the eyelids stained with *kohl*, which enlarges and lengthens the appearance of the eyes, and is thought to add to their brilliancy. You must not, however, imagine that my Princesses are negroes; they are of the Berber race, which, although nearly black, is very comely, and possesses none of the negro characteristics of face or form. They wore a number of bracelets of bone or ivory, silver rings, and five or six necklaces each, of various sorts of coloured beads; their outward garment of blue cotton so completely enveloped their persons that I could not ascertain the fashion or quality of the dress worn underneath, but their arms and feet were bare, and tattooed with designs in blue like their faces. A large flat basket made of palm-leaves, and filled with dates and a sort of white sweetmeat, was brought in and placed before me, and I was invited to eat; but preparatory to doing so, I drew off my gloves, a pair of tanned kid, well-fitting French gloves, which, being a few shades lighter than their own skins, they had, as it would appear, mistaken for mine—for from the shout they set up when they beheld the operation, and the eager manner in which they all leaned forward to examine first my hands and then the gloves, it is evident they imagined I had been St. Bartholomewising myself in their honour. I put the gloves on and off several times to please my entertainers, at which they laughed with all the glee of children; and had I had an interpreter at hand I should certainly have told them that having been afflicted by nature with a white skin, I had adopted that darker covering for my hands to assimilate them to their own more beautiful complexions. But I did better; I presented each of them with a pair of Mosaic gold ear-rings and bracelet-clasps, and left them immeasurably happy with these acquisitions to their finery. To the chief slave, who had accompanied me, I gave an English penknife; when the other five saw it, they began to clamour for the same, and upon finding that I did not acquiesce in their demand, they placed their backs against the door of the harem and refused to let me pass out. I own to you that for a moment I felt extremely terrified; they were all very fierce, lawless-looking men, and I was quite alone, and beyond the reach of making myself heard by any one belonging to my party. I did not, however, lose my self-possession, but turning back to the ladies' apartment, I called upon the elder one by signs to order the door to be opened. One word from her effected my egress, and I returned to the Prince's Divan to take my leave of him, and to express my thanks for having been introduced to his harem.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

An Easy Introduction to Chemistry. By GEORGE SPARKES, late of the Madras Civil Service. 12mo. London, 1846. Whittaker and Co.

It has been a just objection to nearly all the books on chemistry published in this country, that they are either too abstruse or too simple to attract minds of average intelligence—addressing themselves on the one hand to such only as intend to make a serious study of the science; on the other to the unripened faculties of children and youth; and on both sides repelling the general reader, or at best offering him neither invitation to the inquiry, nor assistance in the pursuit of it. Indeed, to such an enlarged compass, and such an elevation, have the fixed sciences attained, that the objection here urged against books on chemistry applies also to those on the other sciences; and the reader must either be content

with the small and fragmentary modicum of information on these subjects which may be acquired in an indirect and casual manner, or deliberately undertake to open his way to the desired knowledge through the thorns and intricacies which block up the portals that enclose it. However, the book before us is precisely of that kind which, under these circumstances, most is needed. Instead of wearying the reader with prolix descriptions, and encumbering his memory with *painfully exact* definitions of terms, the author has prudently resolved on reversing the established order of instruction, and following, so far as conveniently he may, what he rightly calls "the more natural and simple plan adopted by the older chemists, and again recommended by WHATELY, viz. to commence with the examination of common and familiar substances, and gradually to proceed to the development of the more recondite elements, thus following the course which the science made in its infancy, and by which alone, even in the present day, all new truths must be discovered."

That this will ever be the best mode of instruction in the case of the physical sciences, we are convinced. First inflame the curiosity, then keep it alive by interesting disclosures (whether by experiment or otherwise, it matters little), and the mind resting on the new and advanced acquisitions it has made, will soon obtain a knowledge of the intervening, and surrounding, and dependent facts, and by this means a knowledge of the science will be at once surely and agreeably acquired.

No particular order is followed by this author in the treatment of the various branches of his subject. He devotes, however, an entire chapter to each division, beginning with metals, and going on to the acids, alkalis, earths, vegetables, oils, animal chemistry, vital functions, the imponderables, and elementary bodies, with the numerous sub-heads into which these naturally divide. His descriptions are popularly rendered, and the experiments he prescribes are always apt and interesting. We select one or two passages which, by the information they convey, may instruct, or by the interest the seeming marvels detailed excite, may entertain the reader.

PHOSPHORUS.

Phosphorus is a dangerous but most remarkable body, obtained from animal substances. It is of the consistence of hard wax, and is usually sold in pipes as thick as a swan's quill. Exposed to the air it ignites spontaneously, even at ordinary temperature; and therefore must be kept under water. When a small piece is wanted for an experiment, the safest place is to invert the whole contents of the bottle into a saucer of sufficient capacity, and then, holding down the phosphorus with one hand, to cut off the requisite portion with the other. The piece so cut off is removed for the experiment, while the remaining sticks are lightly taken up, and dropped back into the bottle, which is immediately to be filled again with water. One of the prettiest experiments that can be performed with phosphorus, is, fortunately, one of the least dangerous. A few grains of iodine are put into a saucer, and a piece of phosphorus, cut off as above, and dried for an instant on a cloth, is let fall upon them. The two substances unite with a brilliant flame, from which the violet vapour of the iodine may be seen to rise. When you have gone through the other experiments pointed out in this book, the above may be performed with safety. Instead of a common saucer, a capsule of Berlin porcelain is very convenient. These little vessels resist both heat and acids, and are employed in the laboratory for numerous purposes.

THE COMPONENTS OF GLASS.

Flint is silica nearly pure; quartz, still purer; sand, the same substance in another form. The amethyst, topaz, and chrysoprase are but coloured varieties. United with either of the fixed alkalis, silica forms glass, which you may make with the blowpipe by fusing together a few grains of sand and a little carbonate of soda. In this operation, you will observe the soda sink into the charcoal. Enough, however, will be left on the surface to vitrify the sand. In order to render glass

more fusible, several substances are added in the manufacture, the principle of which is oxide of lead. This makes the glass more brilliant, but at the same time more soft and liable to scratch. Tubes of this quality are much the cheapest, and answer well enough for all ordinary experiments; but we can neither expose them to a high heat, nor attempt in them any metallic reduction. For such purposes, it is necessary to employ hard German glass, which is made with potash, and perfectly free from lead. The use of manganese in glass-making is to convert any iron, that may happen to be in the materials, from protoxide to peroxide, and thus to get rid of the dirty green colour produced by the former. Hence, manganese is sometimes termed glass-soap. Too much of it, as already remarked, produces a purplish colour.

When a great excess of alkali has been used, the glass is soluble in water, and from a solution of this kind, left undisturbed for several years, small crystals of silica, resembling rock crystal, have gradually been deposited. Even common glass is slowly decomposed by water, more especially at a boiling heat; and some kinds, if finely powdered, and placed on turmeric paper, with a few drops of water, will part with enough soda to change its colour. In stables, and other places, where the air is loaded with ammoniacal vapours, glass is rapidly decomposed. Glass was known to the ancients. Among the ruins of Rome, fragments are constantly met with of all colours; and some of them have a flower, or other pattern, running throughout their substance. In Egypt, also, imitations of the amethyst, emerald, and topaz, have been discovered.

The following curious and extremely simple experiment, exhibiting the process of crystallization, will be read with interest, and may easily be performed:—

CRYSTALLIZATION.

Manufacturers on a large scale find that light assists greatly in the formation of crystals; and one may observe in druggists' windows, that bottles of camphor which are exposed there, are generally covered with crystals on that side which is turned towards the light. To show that the atmosphere, possibly from its mere mechanical pressure, has some connection with crystallization, boil two ounces of water upon as much sulphate of soda as it will dissolve, which will be about three ounces. When the water is saturated, pour it, still hot, into a phial previously warmed, to prevent its cracking, and cork it tight. The phial should be nearly full. The liquid, as it cools, will not crystallize; but if the cork be opened, it will immediately solidify, and the phial become warm. Sometimes, upon withdrawing the cork, no change takes place until a crystal of the sulphate or some other angular substance is dropped into the solution. The manner in which this acts in disturbing the equilibrium of the fluid, and causing the formation of crystals, is obscure. After the conclusion of the experiment, you may either repeat it with the same liquid, or boil up the salt again with a little more water, and pour it into a saucer. When cold, throw away the supernatant liquor, and observe the difference of shape between the crystals of sulphate of soda and those of alum. The cause of the phial becoming warm when the salt crystallizes, is so curious and of such general application, as to demand a few words. It appears, from experiment, that all bodies, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous, contain in their very substance a quantity of heat which is termed latent, because, under ordinary circumstances, it is not perceptible. That iron contains it, is evident from its becoming hot when struck by another piece as cold as itself. It further appears that gaseous bodies, or vapours, contain more latent heat than liquids, and liquids than solids. Thus, in the preceding experiment, the liquid solution, on becoming solid, parted with that portion of its latent heat, which in the latter form it was unable to retain.

The book is neatly got up, is freely illustrated with superior wood-cuts explanatory of the experiments, and altogether this is a work that conveys in an attractive form a large amount of desirable and useful information, and as such we recommend it to the attention of our readers.

The Philosophy of Geology. By N. C. G. JOBERT. 12mo. London, 1846. Simpkin and Co.

THIS is an elegantly got up little book in French and English, which gives in a simple and easily to be comprehended form the philosophy of the science of geology, and something more—its theory and practice. It is a book we can recommend for the soundness of its views and the clearness with which they are expressed.

POETRY.

The Year of the World; a Philosophical Poem. By W. B. SCOTT. Edinburgh, Tait. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

If we were satisfied that Mr. SCOTT comprehended the subject of his poem, we should be less disposed to denounce it. A reader may only hope to understand an author when the author understands himself, but it is not uncommon, in that combination of language which is called poetry, for the author and the reader to be mutually satisfied with shadows and enigmas.

Poetry shrinks from detail, because detail is too vulgar for its dainty perceptions, and therefore it is not surprising to find the mysticisms of poetry followed as if they were so many unerring lights.

Poetry is made by some persons as great a secret as Aladdin's lamp. It is a secret, in some cases, as irresolvable as the secret of Mr. NADGETT's life in "Martin Chuzzlewit." No man can unriddle its pretensions—no man can analyse its properties. Belonging to this class of poetry is the poem under notice—*The Year of the World*. Our critical judgment cannot grasp it, and, therefore, we cannot state what the poem is so well as what it is not. We feel that it is not the generalizing poetry which replies to the silent eloquence of all hearts. It is not above man's faculties and feelings, but it is apart from them; and we have here a poem artistic at first in conception, but the artist has suffered his imagination to swell into a rhapsody. More than this, he never permits the details of imagination to reach the threshold of simplicity, and hence the explanation of a rhapsody is itself rhapsodical. This is unfortunate in the extreme.

Mr. SCOTT does not seem to us to give his hand and his heart to poetry as he would to a social friend, but he stands at a respectful distance and salutes it with marked formality. He and poetry are not akin. They have not been cradled together, and when they salute, Mr. SCOTT shews a degree of etiquette, and poetry exhibits a degree of stiff recognition which only proves that the two are not precisely strangers, and not exactly companions. Mr. SCOTT has been deceived by others, or he has deceived himself. He has been looking abroad for poetry when he should have turned to himself and found it in his own soul. Poetry is the nearest truth to man's nature; it is a portion of man's nature. He who looks furthest to seek it looks the furthest from it. The least artificial poetry is a self-uttered emotion. We do not make these observations in reference to any choice of a subject, nor in reference to the design which Mr. SCOTT has chosen for his poem. Mr. SCOTT's design is unintelligible; but we object to more than this. When we say the best poetry is nearest to, or a part of man's nature, we refer to the natural and spontaneous utterance of poetry. Mr. SCOTT's poetry has no evidence of spontaneous flow. Mr. SCOTT has rather sought to build a Babel—and Babel is undivided from the idea of confusion—than construct an unobtrusive building which could charm by the quietude of its beauty.

We are far from saying that Mr. SCOTT can never tread the path of poetry, but we assert that at present he has mistaken in what direction the path lies. Perchance the very quiet of the path caused him to turn into another more pretending, but less calm and lovely.

EDUCATION.

Mairs' Tyro's Dictionary of the Latin Language, &c. By GEORGE FERGUSON, A.M. Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute. 1846.

THE plan of this dictionary is novel. The primitives are arranged under one vocabulary, the derivatives under another. In the former case, the author has given the primary meaning of each word, and also its principal secondary and metaphorical signification, together with the etymology of the word. The primitives are set at the top of the page in large type, the derivatives below in smaller type. The idea is a good one, and it appears to be very carefully carried out.

RELIGION.

Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the Epistle to the Romans, &c.

Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the Epistles of Paul to the Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians. By the Rev. ALBERT BARNES. 8vo. London, 1846. George Routledge.

THESE works are, in fact, Commentaries upon the sacred writings whose titles they bear. The Epistles are introduced by a brief but succinct history of each, and are accompanied by an admirable analysis. The Commentary on the Romans is edited by Dr. CUMMING, and a juster or more authoritative opinion on its excellence, than that expressed by this popular divine, in the advertisement prefixed to it, could scarcely have been uttered. "I know of no commentary," says he, "so succinct, full, and impartial. It is fitted to instruct the preacher no less than the Sunday-school teacher. The Epistle itself presents some difficult passages, and it is in elucidating them that BARNES excels. He does not unnecessarily drag in peculiar views, and seldom controverted questions of church discipline. It seems to be his grand effort to unveil solely what 'the Spirit said to the Churches.' He tries to bring out, not his own opinions, but the mind of God. Probably, every body will not concur in every syllable he writes, but I venture to predict that his faithful and lucid comments will find a response in the minds, hearts, and consciences of most Christian readers." An eulogy so liberal as this from such a man, far better than any thing we can ourselves utter, should recommend these Commentaries to the attention of all sects of professing Christians.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Camp and Barrack Room; or, the British Army as it is. By a late Staff Sergeant of the 13th Light Infantry. 8vo. London, 1846. Chapman and Hall. WHETHER timed by accident or design we know not, but certainly the appearance of such a book as this, at a period when the anomalies, cruelties, and hardships of the soldier's life, owing to accidental disclosures, are attracting, and deservedly, a large share of public attention, is a cause for congratulation to all who wish well to the army, and desire to see the British soldier liberated from the brutalising and detestable thralldom of body and soul, to which for so many years, under the old system, he has been subjected.

The book before us professes to give a plain, unvarnished account of a soldier's life from the period of enlistment, through a short service in India—sufficiently long, however, to give the author ample experience of the soldier's character—to his return to England, and subsequent discharge. The account he gives of the circumstances which induced him, the junior partner of a mercantile house and a man of superior education and

attainments, to embrace the arduous and perilous profession of a soldier, and the reasons which actuated him in choosing an infantry in preference to a cavalry regiment for service, carry with them an appearance of suspicion which, not until the reader has advanced some distance in the Author's company, can be forgotten. However, the pictures he draws of a soldier's life are so spirited and graphic, and bear so palpably the colouring of truth, that, whatever may have been the motive which induced him to frame the introduction he has given us to his life as a soldier, whether for the sake of heightening the interest by shewing a gentleman out of his place, or for the purpose of mystification, there can be no doubt that these pages contain the impressions, experiences, and opinions of a man who has been an eye and ear witness to the scenes and occurrences which are here described.

Who but one who had himself proven the anxieties which disturb, and temptations which beset the soldier, and the annoyances, mortifications, petty tyranny, and hardships which he has to endure, could have described them so feelingly and powerfully as this writer has done? That his exposure of the anomalies, the errors, and false principles which pervade the internal government of the army, will be more effectual than the desultory efforts made in Parliament up to this time to ameliorate the moral and physical condition of the soldier, we steadfastly believe. Such books as these, by unmasking enormities, and pointing out evils, go far, by means of the public, to correct them; and the author, who in sincerity and with a good purpose, as here we believe is the case, devotes himself to this duty, deserves well not merely of the class whom he immediately benefits, but of the entire community, for there is none but must rejoice at the elevation of morals and increased bodily comfort which may accrue through benevolent exertions to the very humblest of the human family.

Our author is an Irishman. He enlisted at Dublin, was transferred to Chatham, where he was attacked with fever, and sent to the hospital, which visitation affords him an opportunity for describing the sick life of a soldier. In a fortnight he was discharged convalescent, and shortly afterwards had his introduction to a scene above all others the most painful, degrading, and revolting, to the feelings which the eventful life of the soldier affords. We give at full length our author's description of the routine of a day in the army, and of that terrible and memorable exhibition,

A MILITARY FLOGGING.

Probably some reader may wish to know the daily routine of my duties and amusements at this period. I rose at five o'clock in the morning, and made up my bed; which occupied at the least a quarter of an hour, and was rather a troublesome job. I then made my toilet, and at six turned out for drill, from which we were dismissed at a quarter to eight, when we breakfasted. From ten till twelve we were again at drill; had dinner at one, in the shape of potatoes and meat, both usually of the most wretched quality; and at two fell in for another drill, which terminated at four; after which hour my time was at my own disposal until tattoo, provided I was not ordered on piquet. During this period of leisure, I generally amused myself by strolling in the vicinity of the garrison (no soldier being permitted to go to a greater distance than one mile) or by reading; the owner of a circulating library in Rochester having consented to trust me with his volumes on my depositing a small sum in his hands. There was no garrison library then; which must be a matter of surprise to every one who knows of what benefit such institutions are to the soldier; who, having thus the means of amusement and instruction within his reach, is in many instances altogether prevented from going to the beer-shop to pass his leisure time. In this way, my first month at drill passed quickly by; its monotony wholly unrelieved except by one disagreeable occurrence, a man flogged. The sensations of pain and disgust I then experienced, will never be obliterated from my memory; nor was

I singular in this respect, for many of the younger soldiers, and even some of the officers, fainted in the ranks, and had to be borne to the rear. The soldier flogged belonged to the 68th regiment, then quartered at Brompton; he had undergone a similar punishment a month before; and while his sentence was being read on that occasion, he pulled off his shako and jacket in sheer desperation, flung them on the ground, and declared he would soldier no more. After the execution of his sentence, on going to the hospital, he was placed in the prisoners' ward; and when he had recovered, was again tried for injuring his clothing and mutinous conduct; and was sentenced a second time to receive 150 lashes. It is usual to get over a flogging affair as quickly as possible; but on this occasion the commandant, I was told, in order to protract the execution of the sentence, and thus increase the sufferings of the wretched man, ordered him to be flogged in slow time. This was certainly a refinement of cruelty quite worthy of a general officer, whose name will long be remembered by those who served in his brigade during a campaign in Afghanistan, as having carried discipline to such an excess that the spirits of his men all but sank beneath his iron rule. The soldier was cut at the first lash, the blood trickling over the blue wheals on his back from the former flogging; nevertheless, he bore five other strokes of the cat without a murmur; but as the seventh descended upon his back, he exclaimed in tones of deepest agony, which still ring in my ears, "Oh God!!! Colonel, forgive me, I will never do it again." I looked at the general to discover if a ray of pity marked his features; cold, stern, and impassive, there was no sign of pity there;—eight counted the drum-major, and again the instrument of punishment descended upon the lacerated shoulders of the man, who soon after fainted, and underwent the remainder of his punishment in this happy state of insensibility.

Notwithstanding his repugnance to flogging in the army, the author is of opinion that "it is partly a necessary evil consequent upon the *materiel* of which the army is composed." His remarks on desertion and its causes are those of a sound thinking and clear-sighted man, and so useful are they that we regret our inability to find room for them here. An idea of the robbery, for it is nothing less, which prevails in a legal form in the army may be gathered from the following.

EXTORTION IN THE ARMY.

One mode of depriving a recruit of his pay, is to give him an old shattered musket, easily injured; thus there are ten chances to one, that some part of it gets broken, while it is in his possession; and he has in consequence a round sum to pay on delivering it into the store, when leaving the garrison. I have known this to be the case with many persons, some of whom had to pay ten shillings for stocking an old musket in use for the past forty years, and the intrinsic value of which might be ascertained, by weighing the barrel, and calculating its worth at two-pence per pound. Whether such were ever stocked, is a question the armourer alone can decide; but in any case, he and the pay sergeants quietly arranged it all their own way. Another method of deriving revenue from the occupants of Chatham barracks, is by barrack damages; and the sum realised from time to time, in this way, must be enormous. I was twice quartered in this garrison; the first time for six weeks, when the detachment with which I proceeded to India were charged tenpence per man; and the second time for four days, for which we were mulcted fourpence each. How injury to this amount could be done by us to our quarters, in so short a space, God and the quartermaster only know. There are usually about twenty depôts at Chatham, from each of which, at an average, one hundred men are annually sent to India; and estimating the barrack damages, charged to each man during the term of his stay, at one shilling and sixpence, which I am certain is under the mark, we have a sum of 300*l*.—a large sum indeed, to be deducted yearly from the shilling, the hard-earned shilling, of a few hundred soldiers.

It was not long that our author had to endure the harassment of a recruit; he applied and received permission to go out to join the body of his regiment in India. The particulars of the voyage out, the remarks he makes upon the economy of troop-ships, and

the management of soldiers on board, minute and graphically described as the first are, and judicious as are the last, we shall not here pause to consider, but pass on to the picture he has given us of

THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN INDIA.

It is almost impossible for one who has not been in India, to imagine how difficult it was to exist at this period in what is considered the hottest part of the world. Languor and lassitude had settled upon the young and the old; and in the barrack-rooms, where, a short time before, there was noise and merriment all day long, hours would now elapse without a sentence being heard save the call for the *pāni wollah*. No one was allowed outside the verandahs, unless on duty, after nine, or before five o'clock; and such of the men as could not read, spent this long interval usually in sleeping or in playing at draughts. * * * Those who could not read were now almost destitute of amusement. Occasionally an itinerant Ghoorkie, with a bear panting with the heat, appeared in the cantonments; or a stray Hindoo juggler, who performed feats to the sound of a tom-tom which would astonish even Europeans of his own craft. Exhibitions of this character, draughts, and a few plays got up by the privates, were their only resources against ennui: happy was he, therefore, who had cultivated a taste for reading, and thus possessed an infallible means of amusement. The hot winds usually prevailed from ten in the morning until eleven at night, no dews falling during the season in which they blow. Owing to this circumstance it is not considered unhealthy to sleep in the open air, and the greater part of the men in consequence carried their cots on the approach of night out of the barracks. Although I disliked doing this, feeling confident that exposure to the night air must be injurious, I found it at times impossible otherwise to get any rest; and frequently when lying in the draught of two doors, have I been obliged to drag my charpoy into the verandah, and even there the heat being too intense to permit of sleep, I have had to carry it into the open air, and place it on a hill at a short distance from the barracks, where I could get the full benefit of the breeze, hot as it was. Even thus, with only a pair of white cotton trousers (each leg of which resembled a petticoat for capaciousness), and a thin muslin shirt on, I could scarcely bear a long-cloth sheet over me; yet this was necessary to protect me from the dust, which the wind often whirled with it in considerable quantities. The warm season had, however, brought with it one great blessing—musquito and sand-fly had disappeared at its commencement. The latter animal is so minute as to be scarcely perceptible, but is equally tormenting indoors as the musquito; it breeds in clay or sand floors, hence its name. Cow-dunging floors is the best, indeed I believe the only method of destroying it; besides, it is an operation which renders a house more healthful and cleanly. The natives perform it by first throwing cow-dung in small heaps along the floor, on which a large quantity of water is next poured so as to saturate it thoroughly, when the dung is drawn over it with the hand. This was done to the barracks several times while I was at Sukkur, and always made them cooler. But if the hot season rid us of musquito and sand-fly, it brought myriads of ants with it, which invaded our quarters in such numbers, as rendered it hopeless to expel them. The walls were crossed and intersected by their roads in all directions. They descended upon one's cot, traversed the gutteries and sheets, might be seen in the most concealed nooks and crannies, and even the interior of my writing-desk did not escape their visits. Two men who got drunk, and continued lying on the ground in a wash-room, while in a state of insensibility, had the flesh eaten off their backs in several places by them; and one could not leave a piece of rootie by, unless it was folded carefully in a cloth and put under a guttery, without its being full of these insects. I recollect one time, shortly after our first acquaintance, coming home from a walk tolerably dry and hungry. It was dark; still, as my bobagee always put my tea in the same place, I easily found it; the remnant of my ration rootie was next procured, and sitting down on my bed I proceeded to discuss it. I took a good bite, and was masticating away like any hungry man, when suddenly I found my mouth stung in a dozen places together. On getting a light, I examined my rootie attentively, and found every pore was filled with small black ants;

and I now perceived that, in defiance of the law of Moses, I had been devouring flesh and blood together. Nothing could present an appearance of more uniform sameness than the daily routine of my existence at this period. I rose at eight in the morning, got my breakfast soon after, and then read until it was time to dress and go to office. Here the same chair and the same side of the table were always occupied by me, and my work, too, was nearly ever of the same character. The other clerks indulged eternally in the same boyish insipid conversation. The huge drops of perspiration still tumbled along their persons, which were prevented from damping the paper they wrote on by blotters placed between it and their hands. The same punkah wollah day after day made his appearance, and pulled away without a word, until the last of us made his exit. And the same loud guffaw was indulged, whenever he would fall asleep over his task, and a strong pull of the cord by the same clerk always next it, reminded this man of the punkah of what he was paid for. At two o'clock the same number of paces ever brought me to my quarters, when Jonoo, my bobagee, regularly thrust his dark visage through a window, at the head of my cot, laid down a plate, and simply saying, "Connae, sahib," disappeared. After discussing the rice pudding, or mango pie, which he brought me on alternate days, for I eschewed all manner of flesh meat, it being unwholesome in the hot season, I seized a book, stretched myself on my charpoy, and in another half hour was fast asleep. I often tried to resist an inclination to sleep in the day, but every attempt was fruitless; the habit gradually became more and more powerful; and I regularly slept at last from three to five o'clock, despite the prospect of liver complaint in perspective. In the evenings I usually walked to the river side, where at this time something was always to be seen worthy of notice; besides, it was the only pleasant place in the neighbourhood. The manner in which the natives cross the Indus is sufficiently curious. The skin of a hog, calf, or colt, is taken from the carcass without cutting it, unless at the neck and at the joints of the feet. This they partially tan, and then inflate it with air, in the same way as we do a bladder. When they wish to cross the river, the hinder extremities are fastened round the loins by means of a cord, the fore-feet being attached to the thighs in the same manner. Supported by this, the Scindians swim the widest parts of this dangerous river, sitting if they wish almost upright, and carrying chatties of milk and butter upon their heads. Their mode of fishing is equally curious. At a favourable place they enter the river with a net fastened to a forked pole about ten feet long, and a large chattie flat shaped, on which they will float with the current, the water being prevented from entering its aperture by the abdomen resting on it. When a fish is caught, it is slipped dexterously into the chattie, and the net is again thrust beneath the surface of the water. In this way, large quantities of fish are taken in the Indus which abounds with them; the generality, however, are of a bony and not very palatable species. Turtles are likewise frequently caught by the fishermen. * * * After returning from my usual walk, I got my tea, which scarcely deserved the name, and which I could not drink for some time, as the Indus water is full of sand, which must be let fall to the bottom before it can be used. I then trimmed my lamp, and hung it close by the head of my charpoy, so that I could read by its light while reclining at my full length; and for the next five hours, that is till eleven o'clock, books were almost invariably my sole amusement.

We have already extended this notice beyond the space we could conveniently spare, but cannot close it without especially commending to the attention of the military authorities, and to all who feel disposed to co-operate in the endeavour now making to elevate the social position of the soldier, the two last chapters of this sensibly written and valuable book. The first of these is directly addressed to them by the writer, and the last to the soldier himself. Regardless of inconvenience in finding room for them, we extract a few brief passages, which may be read with profit.

THE CLASS FROM WHOM THE ARMY MUST BE DRAWN.

The British army, as is well known, is the *denier resort* of the idle, the depraved, and the destitute, the larger part of

whom make good soldiers, and therefore become useful, if not even valuable, servants of the state. It cannot be otherwise than highly beneficial to a community, to have what is, or must ultimately become, a nuisance, or an expense, changed into a decided good; the industrious, intelligent, and well-disposed, who must ever be eminently useful in their several spheres, being protected in their various avocations and pursuits by those who heretofore might justly be designated the drones of the hive; whereas, were a contrary state of things to exist, and such to be refused an asylum in the army, there must, as an inevitable consequence, be an increase of crime. How impolitic would it be to drain society of useful members for an end (setting other considerations aside) to which men of inferior stamp would, morally speaking, have answered equally, or, at least, nearly as well. And taking the question in a physical point of view,—from the hardy manner in which the lower classes in these kingdoms are reared, being accustomed to privation from the very cradle, the soldier is capable of enduring the greatest hardships, and of performing the longest marches, while he is second to none for animal courage. In this respect, no improvement can be made; on the contrary, every change must be for the worse; since, the higher we ascend in the scale of society, the less able will persons be to endure fatigue or privation. It is evident, therefore, that for the well-being of society as well as from the pressure of circumstances, the common soldier must still continue to be drawn from the lower orders; and that attention should consequently be directed, not to having him an intelligent or estimable individual on enlistment, but to rendering him so afterwards.

There is value in the following suggestions for rendering the necessity for military punishments less frequent.

One method to render corporal punishment less frequently necessary, would be to turn over offenders, whenever practicable, to the civil power, which, in cases of theft especially, will generally award much severer punishment than a court-martial, the structure of which, besides, is not suited to try persons arraigned for crimes of this character. A military court is a matter-of-fact tribunal, capable only of deciding upon straightforward evidence, and will not, therefore, appreciate circumstantial evidence, nor convict on the testimony of a single person, should the traverser plead not guilty. Another argument in favour of this course, is the great latitude which can be taken with impunity by the prosecutor in framing charges, which may be worded, as already shewn, so as to diminish or add to the crime itself; a circumstance which the court, in the existing order of things, cannot become aware of. But the great aim in the infliction of the lash—if we would wish to render it less frequent in the existing order of things—should be to make it as much a final punishment as possible; for the army, as a body, can never be susceptible of much moral improvement, while it is made the receptacle of criminals, kept in it by way of punishment. This circumstance of itself is sufficient to cause the honest soldier to blush, and lower him in his own estimation, reflection teaching him that he is no better than the associate of the common thief. If, however, it might not be considered advisable to discharge offenders altogether, and I am certain it would not, they might be sent to the dockyards to complete their service at manual labour, or only be permitted to return to their regiments after a defined term of good conduct. Classes in this case could be formed; so that the offender, even while a *detenu*, could effect an improvement in his condition by his own good conduct; and thus it would be easily ascertained what men were utterly irreclaimable, and such as it would not be advisable to have in the service under any circumstances. Unless something of this sort is done, and improvement effected with present means, the army can hardly remain very long as it is. Old institutions are daily crumbling away before the unsparring hand of reform; and it will scarcely fail to share the same fate, if the abuses at present existing, as regards the administration of its laws, are allowed to continue. Public feeling is setting fast against corporal punishment, and no wonder! for instead of its being reserved for a time when no other punishment is practicable, or, as one might say, for real exigencies, when its infliction is alone excusable, it is constantly witnessed in every part of the British dominions. It

is my firm conviction that in time of peace, unless with regard to mutiny or striking superiors, flogging might be altogether dispensed with. These are offences which must be visited by it, or by some other punishment of a nature still more severe. In time of war, while the lash hangs in *terrorem* over the soldier, whose passions will then need a powerful check, the officer will scarcely be inclined to use it unless in very extreme cases. So much is then dependant on his men, whom, for his own sake, he will endeavour to preserve in as good spirits as possible. Unless I mistake very much, there was no flogging in Jellalabad during its siege; the men then were courted and cheered in every possible way, and the officers were most condescending; a condescension the former dearly paid for afterwards on reaching India, where they were taught not to presume upon the past, by courts-martial and flogging so numerous that the adjutant-general at length, fairly astonished, inquired in an official letter what was the matter with the *Illustrations** 13th. And in these kingdoms, where there are such facilities of punishment, flogging, even with regard to mutiny or striking superiors, might be done away with, by making all serious crime in the army cognisable by the civil power, for which purpose a bill could be very easily framed.

Popular Customs, Sports, and Recollections of the South of Italy. By CHARLES MAC FARLANE. London, 1846: Knight and Co.

THIS amusing little volume comprises the recollections of what the author saw and heard in the South of Italy between the years 1816 and 1827, more particularly among the peasantry and common people. They are racy and vivid sketches of men and manners, as noted by one who had not merely looked at them through the windows of a carriage, but who had personally mingled with them, and not the gatherings only of a summer tour, but the well digested observations of upwards of eleven years of residence in the midst of them.

Mr. MAC FARLANE does not attempt the formal narrative of a tour. His plan is to take a class or a character, and present a minute portrait with all the peculiarities of the original. Among the topics thus handled are "Maccaroni Eaters;" "Letter Writers;" "La Tarentella;" "Punch;" "Wandering Italians;" "Roman and Neapolitan Peasantry;" "Some Recollections of Carnivals," and so forth. Such a work can be best described by extracts, and a few of the most curious passages will exhibit the manner of the author, and the character of the contents.

Here are the

NEAPOLITAN LETTER WRITERS.

To all future travellers of this kind, or investigators of popular manners and feelings, we would recommend the stalls of the public letter-writers at Naples, where, owing to the people being still less educated than in the States of the Pope, and the population being more than double that of Rome, they abound much more than in the "eternal city." In a *vico*, or lane, by the side of the post-office of Naples, they generally "plant the desk," as they are there at hand not only to write answers, but to read the letters as they arrive—for the accomplishment of reading is almost as rare as that of writing among the poor Neapolitans. There, close to the iron-grated windows of the post-office through which the letters are delivered, the patient *scrievani* sit from eight o'clock in the morning till the dusk of evening. In the lane there is an archway, some few yards in length, formed by a building that permits a passage beneath; and here part of them draw their tables to be protected from the scorching rays of the sun in summer, and, partially, from the cold in winter. Those who cannot avail themselves of this shelter fit out a piece of sail-cloth or canvas above their tables when the day is very hot. In winter, and there are many cold wintry days even at Naples, they wrap themselves in rough old *tabarri* or cloaks, and furnish themselves each with a little earthen pot of ignited charcoal, the whole fuel of which might very well be contained in a soup-ladle.

As their customers are, of course, confined to the poorest

* So called by Lord Ellenborough.

classes—to soldiers and sailors, their wives or sweethearts—to sheep-drivers from Apulia or buffalo herds from Calabria—to servant-maids, nurses, and such sort of people—their calling, it will naturally be supposed, is not a very lucrative one. For a letter of ordinary length their charge is about five Neapolitan *grani*, or twopence English; but this is proportionably increased to ten or even to fifteen *grani*, while, for petitions to the king or government, which they also write, and which the poor sanguine Neapolitans are fond of sending in, though it does not appear they get much by the practice, they charge as much as two or three *carlini* (three *carlini* making the important sum of one shilling English!). Yet with these trifling gains the scrivani contrive to live, and, for the most part, to keep a family. They eat their macaroni when they have had a good day's work; and now and then drive about in a coribolo or a calesso on holidays. Above all the people in Europe the common Neapolitans may be described as being a light-hearted, noisy, farcical people. The scenes of most frequent occurrence at the stands of the letter-writers, where all bawl out their private affairs aloud, and show the greatest excitement about the smallest trifles, are scenes, to the spectator, of downright farce and fun; but occasionally, and not unfrequently, these are mingled with exhibitions of thrilling passion and pathos. The poor old father or the mother—the wife or the sister—of some sailor or soldier, or poor man, long absent, will come running to the scrivani with a letter just handed through the bars of the office, impatient, breathless, yet afraid to hear him read its contents; or, at other times, some such persons will come in the agonies of grief, displayed with all the vivacity of Italian expression of countenance and gesticulation, to avail themselves of the letter-writer's pen in communicating some fatal intelligence. These things combined—the humour and farce with the occasional tragedy of humble life—render the resort of the scrivani a valuable study to the artist, to the poet, and to him who would investigate the workings of the human mind under various circumstances and impressions, and without restraint or disguise.

More curious still is the account of

SNOW-HARVESTING AT NAPLES.

To supply the city of Naples, one of the largest capitals of Europe, which has a population of 450,000 souls—all snow-consumers—a very extensive mountain-range is put into requisition. From the Apennines, and from all the nearer branches and ramifications of those mountains, snow, during the summer months, is constantly being brought into the city by land and by sea—always, however, by sea when practicable, as, by that mode of conveyance, it is kept cleaner, loses less by melting, and costs less for carriage. Hundreds of men and boys are employed exclusively on this business. A mountain that contributes very materially to the supply of the capital is Monte Sant' Angelo, the loftiest point of the bold promontory that separates the Bay of Naples from the Bay of Salerno. This mountain, which towers majestically behind the town and sea-port of Castellamare, near the end of the Neapolitan Bay, is only about twelve miles from Naples itself. On account of the short distance, and the advantage of an easy water-carriage, the snow is there harvested with great industry and care, and Monte Sant' Angelo is well provided with such caves and chasms as we have described. Some of these contain singly an immense heap of snow, but prodigious as the quantity may be, it rapidly disappears before the labours of the workmen, who, with iron-spiked poles, and shovels, dig into it, and break it up much after the fashion of men working in salt-mines. These labours, for a very obvious reason, when, in the day-time, Fahrenheit's thermometer often marks 90° or 100° in the sun, are nearly all performed during the cool of the evening and night. Long strings of mules, each like a little caravan, ascend the mountain to the snow-caves. There they are loaded with the snow broken into large lumps, and secured from the external atmosphere as well as may be, and then, with all the speed that can be managed with heavy burdens, and on steep, precipitous, and, in parts, very dangerous roads, they descend by Quisisana to Castellamare and the wharfs, where large, roomy boats are in readiness to receive their loads. As soon as the very perishable cargo of one of these boats is completed, and covered over with straw, dry leaves, and tarpauling, it pushes off direct for Naples. The

time of their departure is from eleven or twelve o'clock at night to one or two in the morning. They are all furnished with a mast and sails, which may be useful to them on their return; but as there is seldom a breath of wind on a summer's night in this bay, they are of little use in going to Naples, and the sailors are obliged to pull the boats with oars and long sweeps. This labour, from the clumsy, bad construction of the vessels, and the dead weight thrown into them, is excessively severe, particularly when they are delayed in starting, and threatened with the heat of the rising sun before they can reach the port of Naples. Fire ought to be brought to the aid of snow. A small steamboat might tow over a line of these vessels without any uncertainty as to time. During the summer nights, at the town of Castellamare, the trampling of the mules from the mountain, the cries and songs of the muleteers, the putting off of the snow-boats, and the shouts of the mariners, the roll of whose heavy oars are heard far across the bay, are scarcely ever interrupted for five minutes at a time. When the snow-boats arrive in the port of Naples, they are quickly unloaded by a number of facchini, or porters, regularly appointed to that service. These fellows, who are very active and very strong, though their principal food is bread, olives, garlic, and other vegetables, with now and then a good dish of macaroni, run with their loads of snow from the water-side to a large, cool building erected on purpose to receive it. This building, which is called "La Dogana della Neve," or the Snow Custom-House, is situated a little in the rear of the port, at the distance of a few hundred yards from the great Neapolitan custom-house. To this general depot the retail dealers come to furnish themselves from all parts of the vast town; and there is scarcely a street in Naples, however miserable and remote it may be, but has its snow-shop. By an old law of the country, these shops are never allowed to be shut up during the hot weather, either by night or by day; or, if the owner closes the door or absents himself, he must leave some one in the shop ready to serve, should snow be called for.

Mr. MAC FARLANE had once an opportunity of learning the real history of

THE WANDERING ITALIAN BOYS.

The venders of images come almost without an exception from the territory of Lucca, in Tuscany, not many miles from Florence. The way in which their companies are formed is this:—One, or sometimes two men, who possess the art of casting figures in moulds, propose a campaign; and having collected a number of poor boys, of whom they become the captains, leave their native valley and cross the Apennines and the Alps, marching in a little corps of ten, twelve, or fifteen. In my peripatetic days I once walked over the Alps by the road of Mount Cenis, with a company of this sort, from whose chief I learned many particulars as to the modes of their proceeding. Their moulds or forms, with a few tools, had been despatched before them by the waggon to Chambéry, the capital city of Savoy, where they proposed to make their first sojourn. They find the plaster and other simple materials requisite for the formation of their figures, in nearly every large town to which they go, and they never fix their quarters for any length of time, except in large towns. On arriving, therefore, at Chambéry, the artist, or the principal of this company, having received his moulds, would set to work, despatching the boys who were with him through the city and the little towns and villages in the neighbourhood, to sell the figures which he could rapidly make. When the distance permitted, these boys would return at night with the fruits of the day's sale to their master, who lodged and fed them; but it would often happen, when they took a wider range among the mountains and valleys of Savoy, that they would be absent for several days, under which circumstances they would themselves purchase their cheap food and shelter out of the money they might obtain for the goods they disposed of. When the market became languid in and about Chambéry, the master would pack off his moulds and tools for Geneva, and follow them on foot with his little troop, each of whom would carry some few figures to sell at the towns and villages on the road to that city. At Geneva, he would do as he had done at Chambéry; and when that neighbourhood was supposed to be supplied, he would transfer himself and his assistants in the same way to some other place. About nine months after passing the Alps with him, I found my old fellow-traveller, the image-maker, at Fontainebleau, in

the forest of that name. He was busily at work, with only two boys in the town with him, the rest being scattered about the country. By this time he had crossed the Jura mountains, traversed the great part of France, and was on the point of going to Paris, whence he intended to work his way, by Amiens and Calais, to England, where he promised himself a golden harvest. His brother, who had been absent from home several years, was, with a corps similarly constituted, exploring the less populous provinces of Russia. This man himself had already been into Germany as far as Leipsic. He was intelligent, industrious in his way, exceedingly sober and well-behaved, and spoke very good Italian, as indeed did all his boys, being Tuscans born. The image-venders, indeed, are, as we have said, nearly without an exception, natives of Tuscany, where even the poorest of the people speak a graceful and pure language. The rest of the wandering Italians use different *patois*, or dialects, according to the places from which they come, and are scarcely to be understood by the Italian scholar who has not lived among them.

Another curious trait is this:—

These Northern Italians come principally, as we have mentioned, from the lakes of Upper Italy, and the valleys and declivities of the Alps. The same curious practice obtains here as in the Apennines, and on a larger scale—that is, each district embraces a particular calling, and never interferes with that of its neighbours. For generation after generation, one place has sent forth venders of barometers, &c.; another place, innkeepers and servants for inns; another, stone-cutters; another, house-painters and whitewashers; another, masons and architects, and so on.

The Vendemmia, or Vintage Feasts, are celebrated with processions, some of which abound in classical allusions, and are evidently transcripts of old Roman customs. As thus:—

THE VINTAGE FEAST.

One procession was really admirable. Bacchus, instead of being represented in the manner of our vulgar sign-painters, by a fat, paunchy, red-faced, drunken boy, was personified by the tallest, handsomest, and most graceful young man of the party; his head was crowned with a wreath of ivy and vine leaves, mixed with bunches of the purple grape, which hung down the sides and the back of his neck; in his right hand he carried a lance tipped with a cone of pine or fir-apple, and the shaft was entwined with ivy and vine leaves, and some wild autumnal flowers, the thing thus being, as nearly as might be, the classical thyrsus, one of the most ancient attributes of the god and his followers; a clean sheep's-skin, spotted with the red juice of the grape, in imitation of the skin of the panther or spotted pard, which Bacchus is represented as wearing when he went on his expeditions, was thrown gracefully over his shoulders; he was followed by some silent, sedate women, carrying on their heads baskets filled with grapes; by little boys, carrying in their hands large bunches of the same fruit; by Bacchante of both sexes, who carried sticks entwined with vine leaves; by two or three *carri*, or carts, which had been used to convey the ripe fruit to the wine-press, each drawn by a pair of tall cream-coloured oxen, with those large, dark, pensive eyes to which Homer thought it no disparagement to compare the eyes of the wife of Jupiter; and in the rear of all came Silenus, a fat old man with his face and hands besmeared with wine-lees, striding a fat old ass. The Bacchante bounded, danced, frolicked, and laughed uproariously; Silenus lolled and rolled upon his donkey, singing snatches of Vendemmia songs, making all sorts of ludicrous grimaces and gestures, and jocosely yet loudly abusing every stranger or neighbour he discovered in the throng. But Bacchus preserved the decorum and dignity of the true classical character of the god who was as graceful as Apollo, who shared with that divinity the dominion of Parnassus, and the faculty and glory of inspiring poets with immortal verse. The joyous shouts of *Viva Bacco! Viva la Vendemmia!* the laughs and shouts of the Bacchante, the songs and jokes of old Silenus, were mingled with the beat and jingle of two or three tambourines, with the rural sound of cow-horns, and occasionally with the blasts of a cracked but antique-looking trumpet, and with the clapping of hands and shoutings of all the men and

women, boys and girls of the district. The Cæcuban hills, which bore the fruit productive of the generous wine which Horace extolled as the drink of Mæcenas, and which render as good wine now, though all unknown to fame, as they did in the days of Augustus Cæsar, echoed and re-echoed with the joyous sounds, for the scene of the festivity was at the foot of those hills, on whose sunny slopes the vines had ripened which furnished this happy vintage. When questioned as to how they arranged their very classical procession, the peasants could only say that they did as they had done year after year, and as their fathers and grandfathers had done before them. The *Parocchiano*, or parish priest, who thought it no sin or degradation to follow the procession and partake in the feast, did not appear to have much more learning on the subject.

We conclude with the account of

ROMAN FOUNTAINS.

No inconsiderable portion of the life of a Roman *paesana* is spent at the fountain, or brook, or river-side. Thither she goes morning and evening, for the supply of water necessary for her family uses; there she washes her own and her husband's and children's clothes, and there oftentimes on the Sunday or Saint's day morning she completes her festal toilette, making the clear water supply the place of a mirror. There too she meets her neighbours and talks over the events of the day, the humble but not always unexciting occurrences of the district (for the brigands are sometimes abroad, or an old feud has broken out between this village and that, and blows have been given and knives drawn, or some wild buffaloes of the Pontine Marshes have been killing their herdsmen). The fountain is to the women what (in the larger villages) the barber's shop is to the men—the place for sauntering and gossiping. [In the days of old Rome the barbers were the greatest gossips, and their shops the great gossiping places of Rome. They are so still. But the people of better condition—*i galantuomini*—in the small towns and villages, where there are no coffee-houses, congregate and gossip in the *spezierie*, or apothecaries' shops.] Every evening some group or other is found collected round the spot. The earthen vases, often so graceful and so classical in their outline, are deposited upon the stone brink, to be filled, one after the other, and the women giving themselves up to the genius of the place, discourse volubly, and faster than the water flows. Now and then the picture is improved by the arrival of some hind with his toll cream-coloured oxen "fatigued with the plough," or of a shepherd or goatherd with his flock, or of some muleteer that stops to slake his thirst and refresh his mules, or of the collecting lay-brother of some Franciscan, Capuchin, or other monastery of the mendicant orders, who is on his way homeward, and must be home before the bells have done chiming the "Ave-Maria," but who, nevertheless, must find time to take his *bisaccia*, or begging-bag, from his shoulders (well or ill-filled according to his luck, persuasiveness, or circumstances), to rest himself for a while, and commune with the matrons and damsels clustering round the fountain. Scenes of this sort constantly present themselves in the Roman states and the Neapolitan kingdom, as also in the south of Spain (where many of the fountains are works of the Moors) and (only with some trifling differences) in Greece, Turkey, and all through the East. The fountain, or the well—like that outside of the town of Samaria, to which the woman with her water-pot came to draw water, when "Jesus, being wearied with his journey, sat on the well,"—is, in all these countries, found outside of nearly every town and village. It is here, after the heat of the day, that the village gossips congregate, "*Cum tibi sol tepidus plures admovent aures*," or when the cooling sun calls forth most listeners. In the Roman states many of the fountains—though the stone-work be injured and the sculpture on them defaced—are at least as ancient as the days of Horace, are shaded by the tree he so much admired (the ilex), and are worthy altogether of the praise bestowed on the Fons Bandusie, whose water, clearer than glass (*splendidior vitro*), gushed, with a cooling sound, through hollow rocks. As the bright but brief twilight fades away, the women, collecting their washed clothes or balancing their vases on their heads, walk homeward with an erect gait, the gossips suspend their long stories, and singly, or in little groups, the parties disappear, with their *Santa Notte!* or "Good (or holy) night to you!"

On the Health of Towns as Influenced by Defective Cleansing and Drainage, &c. &c. By WILLIAM A. GUY, M.B. Professor of Forensic Medicine, King's College. London: Renshaw.

THIS is the substance of a lecture delivered by Dr. GUY at the Russell Institution. The subject is one of more moment than would be imagined by those whose attention has never been directed to it. It is, in fact, a question of life or death—of health or disease—not to the poor only, but to every class, for although the former may be the first victims, the contagion spreads upwards, and the punishment of their own neglect falls ultimately upon the rich, and even in the midst of their luxuries they are smitten and die; when by a few sanitary regulations they might have preserved health and life for many years longer.

It is gratifying to find men of Dr. GUY's eminence, whose time must necessarily have so many other claims upon it, devoting himself with such zeal and ability to a labour of pure philanthropy in thus endeavouring to awaken the attention of his fellow-countrymen to the duty that devolves upon the government of regulating the public health.

In the opening of his discourse, Dr. GUY states the propositions it was his purpose to establish.

1. That towns are unhealthy; 2. That one of the leading causes of their unhealthiness is defective cleansing and drainage; and 3. That the refuse of towns, which, when allowed to accumulate within their precincts, impairs the health of their inhabitants, and gives rise to severe and fatal diseases, may be most advantageously applied to agricultural purposes.

He proves his first assertion by a variety of interesting statistical details. A few of these will be acceptable to our readers.

The mean duration of life in Surrey is 45 years; it is 37 for London, and only 26 for Liverpool. The inhabitants of the metropolis, therefore, taking one with another, when compared with those of Surrey, lose 8 years of their lives, and the inhabitants of Liverpool 19 years!

Again:—

Taking the average number of deaths for the three years 1840—42, and comparing that number with the population as ascertained by the census of 1841, we obtain the following results:—Liverpool loses every year 35 in the thousand; Manchester, 32; Bristol, 31; Hull and Leicester, 30; Preston, 29; and so on, until we come, step by step, to Halifax and Kidderminster, which have a mortality of 21 in the thousand. Several towns of considerable size present the still more favourable rate of 20 in the thousand, 2 per cent. or 1 in 50. The mortality of our large towns, therefore, varies from 35 in the 1000—that of unhappy Liverpool, to 20 in the 1000—that of several populous towns. The mortality of England is 22 in the 1000, or 1 in 45.

All parts of our large towns are not equally unhealthy. In the densely peopled districts the mortality is fearful.

Thus, to take a single metropolitan parish—that of St. Giles's, and St. George's Bloomsbury—while the gentry who inhabit the open squares and broad streets, live on an average forty years, the working class, who inhabit narrow lanes, blind courts, and dark cellars, live only seventeen years; that is to say, they lose, one with another, just twenty-three years of their lives. In Shoreditch, the loss amounts to twenty-eight years.

That the primary cause of the unhealthiness of towns is defective cleansing and drainage, is proved by multitudinous facts.

Mr. LIDDLE's evidence contains this statement:—

Windmill court, in Rosemary-lane, was one of the most unhealthy in my district. It was unpaved and filthy, and with stagnant water before the houses. I used to visit it sometimes two or three times a day for fever cases. About

twelve months ago it was flagged; it was well supplied with water from a large cast-iron tank, which enables the inhabitants to have a constant supply instead of an intermittent one, on three days a week. The court is regularly washed down twice a week, and the drains are so laid that all the water passes through the privy and carries off the soil, which was formerly a most foul nuisance, and a constant expense to the landlord. In the seven months ending March, 1843, I attended 41 new cases of sickness in that court; in the last four or five months, I have had but two cases.

And Dr. SOUTHWOOD SMITH, physician to the Fever Hospital, says—

In every district in which fever returns frequently and prevails extensively, there is uniformly bad sewerage, a bad supply of water, a bad supply of scavengers, and a consequent accumulation of filth; and I have observed this to be so uniformly and generally the case, that I have been accustomed to express the fact in this way—if you trace down the fever districts on a map, and then compare that map with the map of the Commissioners of Sewers, you will find that wherever the Commissioners of Sewers have not been, there fever is prevalent; on the contrary, wherever they have been, there fever is comparatively absent.

Some idea of the amount of evil thus inflicted will be conveyed by the startling fact that the annual deaths from typhus fever amount to 16,000, and the attacks of this loathsome disease to between 150,000 and 200,000!

Dr. GUY then proceeds to show that the very matter that is thus scattering disease and death may be conveyed into the country, where it will serve only to increase the produce of the soil, to add to the national wealth, and to spread happiness and plenty through the community.

We cite one instance of the value of that which has been hitherto so neglected. It is deduced from an analysis of the water of the Medlock, a sort of sewer-river flowing from the town of Manchester.

If we take the nitrogen as our test of the quantity of land which could be supplied with the elements of wheat (all the other elements are in much larger proportion) no less than 93,440 acres, or little short of 100,000 acres, of wheat land could be manured by the sewer-water of one of the worst drained towns in England. Now, the inhabitants of the part of Manchester drained by the Medlock fall short of 100,000, so that it follows that in a town in which house-drainage is notoriously imperfect, there is every year poured into the river for each inhabitant a quantity of fertilizing matter sufficient to supply an acre of wheat. Even with its present imperfect system of house-drainage, the Medlock contains a sufficient quantity of phosphoric acid to supply 95,000 acres of wheat, 184,000 acres of clover, 258,000 acres of potatoes, or 280,000 acres of oats. The silica (flint) in solution is sufficient to supply 50,000 acres of wheat. And there can be no reasonable doubt that taking one crop with another, for every inhabitant of a large town there is at present thrown into our rivers, and carried out to sea, fertilizing matter sufficient to crown an acre of land with plenty.

And its actual proved value has been shown in one remarkable instance:—

I shall give you a single example of this in the case of Edinburgh, in the immediate neighbourhood of which city the sewer-water has, for a long time, been in extensive use. It appears that, by irrigation with sewer-water, lands which were originally worth 30s. or 40s. to 6l. an acre now fetch from 30l. to 40l. an acre, that poor sandy land on the sea-shore which might be worth 2s. 6d. an acre now lets at an annual rent of from 15l. to 20l. and that part of the Earl of Moray's meadow has yielded as high a rent as 57l. per acre. So enormous is the increase of value conferred by this fertilizing liquid, that the parties interested in 300 acres of land estimate the compensation that would induce them to discontinue the use of the sewer-water at 150,000l. Similar results have been obtained at Milan, and in all other places where liquid manure has been brought into use.

Comparing the mortality of our towns with the average

mortality of a healthy standard, we arrive at these awful results:—

There is, therefore, the very best ground for believing that the lives annually sacrificed by a neglect of sanitary measures do not fall short of the appalling number of 35,000 in England and Wales, and 60,000 in the United Kingdom. But such a waste of life pre-supposes a proportionate waste of health—a proportionate amount of unnecessary sickness. It is not easy to ascertain the exact relation which the one bears to the other; but if we take the estimate of Dr. Lyon Playfair, that for every unnecessary death there are twenty-eight cases of unnecessary sickness, there will be every year in England and Wales one million of cases, and in the United Kingdom one and three quarter million of cases of unnecessary sickness. If you find it difficult to realise so enormous a waste of health and life, you have only to imagine a town of 35,000 or 60,000 inhabitants swept away every year from the face of the earth, over and above those who would die in the course of nature, if sanitary measures were in universal operation. To form a vivid idea of the amount of unnecessary sickness in the United Kingdom, you must imagine that in a city of the size of this metropolis, every man, woman, and child which it contains, is the subject of one attack of sickness every year over and above the sickness which would occur in the course of nature under a wise system of preventive measures.

And calculating the cost in money to the country, and of the waste of the manure, and of the destruction of health and life, of which in its undrained state it is the parent, a low estimate of the public loss annually incurred for want of sanitary regulations will be more than forty millions sterling!

A few such lectures as this of Dr. GUY would stimulate public opinion to that stage of ripeness for remedial measures, wanting which governments labour in vain to effect reforms.

The Parrot-keeper's Guide. By an Experienced Dealer. 12mo. With Illustrations. London: Thomas Dean. To all keepers of these handsome and amusing birds, this will prove a not unwelcome book. It gives the natural history of the varieties which come under this denomination—macaws, cockatoos, parrots, lorries, parakeets, and love-birds; and copious observations on the best modes of treatment; the diseases to which these birds are liable, and the most approved and successful methods of cure.

Chronology of Stamford. By GEO. BURTON. Stamford, Bagley: London, Edwards and Hughes. 1846.

THESE memorials from the provinces are always welcome, and if a word of encouragement be acceptable to the laborious compilers, they will ever find it cordially afforded by the CRITIC. The connection between local and national history is indeed more intimate than the thoughtless are wont to admit. The historian often finds, in the volumes that preserve the records of a country town, materials that throw vast light upon the times wherewith he is occupied, and to residents it is always interesting to be acquainted with the associations that hallow the various spots familiar to them by daily intercourse. Among the best and most elaborate local histories brought under our notice is this of the town of Stamford, and Mr. BURTON has prudently compressed his ample stores of information into a small volume, so as to bring it within the reach of all classes of his fellow-townsmen, instead of confining it to the wealthy few, by means of costly quartos, as is usually the practice with topographers. It is to be hoped that the experiment will succeed as it deserves to do.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

We extract from the *Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung*, of July 1846, some parts of a very excellent article on SCHLOSSER, which we think will prove interesting to our readers; the publication noticed is SCHLOSSER'S "Leben und Literarisches Wirken," by ALFRED NICOLIVUS.

After some length of time has elapsed from the occurrence of certain events, when the accidents and appearances which chance pressed upon one another, have assumed their natural aspect or their true position relatively to other things, when all that once dazzled has lost its brilliancy, when that which was hidden has come to light, then is the moment for the writer of history to place before us the influence of these various things with their manifold causes, and to give his cotemporaries a view of what has happened, that they may learn the better to comprehend the present, and look forward to the future. But it is not only to the more exciting movements of an era, that the inquirer must direct his scrutiny and observations; the eternal spirit of human development works not only on the great theatre of the world, in the glitter of courts, behind the mysterious curtains of the cabinet, in the crash of arms and the busy murmur of the market-places; but likewise in the silent retirement of a single life there often ripen seeds, which for that development shall have a wide, and, may be, incalculable influence. The historian has thus to seek for the germs of all that is most important in his study, in the lives of some few men of character and purpose.

Among the many interesting manifestations to which this truth now universally known and acknowledged has given rise, we must especially remark a book, which brings before us the life of a man whose name has almost been forgotten among us, whose writings are now almost unknown to us, although we coldly rank them among the first in our literature. A cotemporary has remarked of him,

I have here given the names of many great men and distinguished writers, but not that of the purest moral character, which has met my knowledge during a life of fifty years. I speak of Georg Schlosser, of Franckfort-on-Maine. In him human nature was indeed ennobled, and during the whole of his long life, it was but to this one end and aim that he applied the wonderful resources of his mind, and his great acquired knowledge. No unworthy thread was known to mingle with the web of his life, and that life was one of untiring industry. One might say that his genius was virtue, so perfectly and completely did he represent it to all who knew him.

If he were indeed thus, as KLINGER has painted him, viewed from the side of his daily life and efforts, the revival of his memory must be a great service to us all. It may be said of the past, and perhaps with a certain show of truth, that it was far beyond the present in its power of bringing forth depth and purity of character. In the contemplation of such the weak must look for increase of strength; when wearied and perplexed with the toilsome day, we should refresh ourselves by looking upon a calm clear life like this; and for the young alone it might be called a very compendium of morality.

The work named above carries us back to the second half of the previous century, into that age when the spirit of the time seemed swaying to and fro, ere the world had assumed its many new forms and variations; into an age of revolutions in all things, in politics, in science and in art, in the practical, as well as in morals and religion. Apart from what is styled the great world, but still in the centre of these various movements, stood SCHLOSSER, sympathising with all, now conquering, now ministering, now uniting, never indifferent. His

life is a picture of the age in a small frame, and his death took place at the close of the century, when his warning spirit, which had read well the book of history, could look only with pain and anxiety towards the doubtful future. It may be asked, why is his name so little referred to among us? We answer because that which was purely human in his writings, that which was universal in its significance, has long since become common property, concerning whose first owner and originator no one dreams of asking; and also because all which was founded upon the circumstances of that time cannot answer to the exigencies of our own, or interest general readers. Few indeed among them would find therein any thing like pure æsthetic enjoyment.

We must, then, thank NICOLOVIUS for his exertions, and the more so, as they were accompanied by more than ordinary difficulties. There were rocks to be avoided which few, perhaps, would have avoided as well as he has done. The personal relationship in which the editor stood to SCHLOSSER—he was his grandson through the eldest daughter of SCHLOSSER's first marriage with CORNELIA GOETHE—rendered him more strenuously on his guard against all undue partiality. On the other hand, too much anxiety could only produce an equally injurious though opposite effect. From one and the other, the writer has, however, run into no danger, but rather gone through his work worthily and with understanding. His sources of information, too, were but few and insufficient. A diary, intended for SCHLOSSER's own remembrance, was destroyed after his death, and the plan he had entertained of leaving, as a legacy to his son, a history of his inner life remained unexecuted. The author, therefore, with the exception of the information of SCHLOSSER's family upon all external matters, was compelled to have recourse to his works, which, with this object, afforded a subject of earnest study, aided more or less by what his friends could impart concerning him. From such apparently unsatisfactory materials, NICOLOVIUS has erected a monument to the memory of SCHLOSSER, which, we believe, would not displease him, were he to glance upwards to it from that grave where he desired nothing should mark his remains. For the reasons we have given above, do we earnestly desire the revived remembrance of such a man should be spread abroad in all circles.

We have long been acquainted with the works of SCHLOSSER, and would rather, therefore, not follow closely the order of the book before us, but endeavour to give the reader as complete a view of the man, as such limited and superficial means may permit. Of course, all we see here is in chronological order; but we must confine ourselves to such parts and relations as best further our idea. At the same time we have been compelled to turn back to our own impressions and experiences, derived from SCHLOSSER's works, in the belief that certain characteristics will be gained thereby. The strictest accuracy is here, indeed, a duty; but in the earnest desire to reach our aim, we must be pardoned, if some little egotism be mingled with the rest; the end here purifies the means.

JOHANN GEORG SCHLOSSER was born at Franckfort-on-Maine on the 7th Dec. 1739. Educated on a system which never suffered him, until his twentieth year, to read any other books than those selected for his studies, he had himself alone to thank for the universality of his after cultivation. From his earliest years he was destined to the law; all things were done only with reference to this one pursuit—a pursuit by which honour and riches were to be obtained, and which in his time led the way to the highest offices in the city. With a view, therefore, to the study of the law, he visited the universities of Giessen, Zena, and Altorf. Here, however, the long imprisoned spirit began to awake to a new life;

and he found interest in the classic antiquities, towards which he had ever felt himself so powerfully drawn; the doctrines of old and new philosophy; the poets; and the large kingdom of what was then called the fine arts. How joyfully he must have moved in the fresh air of this new world! But the new freedom only strengthened the strong disinclination he felt for his destined profession, one to which, even in later years, he never became quite reconciled. Yet he went forth triumphant out of this the first trial which the realities of life had forced upon him. Already at this age, he was of opinion, "that man must be independent, that he must earn all happiness for himself, and of himself, if he ever desire to enjoy it thoroughly; all else is but second-hand, and the result of phantasy. Every one must possess a distinctive employment, and that one must determine the bent of his life." In after years, he declared it to be his own province to reduce all knowledge to a practical use; but that writer who, though only under the most trifling circumstances, influences the age he lives in, he held to be incomparably beyond him who, according to an established phrase, writes for eternity. He who has no aim or employment runs in great danger of egotism.

After taking his degree in 1762, he made his appearance in Franckfort as an advocate; a profession which he soon exchanged for that of private secretary to Prince EUGEN, afterwards Duke of WIRTEMBERG, and preceptor to his children. In the year 1769, however, he quitted the prince, and returned to his native town, where, for the two next succeeding years, he devoted his activity to the *Franckfurter Gelehrten Anzeiger*, in company with MERCK, HOPFNER, and WENK. At this period his extreme distaste for the law became such as to decide the future course of his life. In one of his later works, "Eutyphron," he plainly expresses the opinions he entertained, that a life devoted to advocacy must necessarily narrow the heart, and render it incapable of nobility. It was natural, therefore, that he should endeavour to withdraw himself from a profession, which he felt compelled to censure. With these feelings he went in 1773 to Karlsruhe, where he succeeded in obtaining an office under government, in the service of the Margrave KARL FRIEDRICH of Baden. Shortly after, however, he obtained another appointment under the Margrave HOCHBERG, better suited to his desires—one in which the administrative office was entrusted to him. His activity and usefulness in this post were universally acknowledged; many an object which he hoped to accomplish he was, however, compelled to resign, owing chiefly to certain official vexations and discords which seem more or less to fall to the lot of all.

We may refer here to two circumstances occurring at this period as having some influence upon the further direction of his mind and faculties. At the invitation of the Emperor JOSEPH he undertook a journey to Vienna, designedly to consult with some talented jurists there, upon the practicability of reform in certain departments of the law. Here he learned not to believe in the *renaissance* of Austria; at least not in a new birth of all Germany originating with her, as many at that time confidently expected and sanguinely declared would be the case. In a BLUMAUER, RATSCHKY, DENIS, SONNEUFELS, GEMMINGEN, he found nothing sympathetic with himself, or answering to a genuine manly soul; all was repressed and curbed, in other words, under the arm of despotism. But NICOLOVIUS remarks with truth that for him it was no slight thing to gain a just knowledge of himself as compared with others, and a true appreciation of his own position and advantages.

At the same time he became acquainted with the order of Illuminati, from which, if he promised himself no mystic doctrine, he at least expected knowledge and experience. To him, as to all others, some vision of a

world reformation must often have appeared, and at one time he contemplated its resulting from a great union of mankind, at the head of which would stand the master spirits of the age. Yet it would appear that his own exertions in behalf of the order, to which shortly after he belonged, were of no great moment.

The want of unity, to which we alluded above, induced him to wish for some change of office, and his application was acknowledged by his appointment in 1787 to that of Hofrath, and, that he might devote himself first to the state archives, he was sent to Karlsruhe. Shortly after, however, he was urged, much against his will, to take a share in the collegiate department, combining therewith the functions of active Geheimrath. Here also he learnt that it is seldom the ideal nourished by an honest heart can be realised; more than one gross injustice passed before his eyes, but when he saw KARL FRIEDRICH release from arrest a rascally adventurer, because of his noble birth, and refuse his consent to an edict, drawn up by SCHLOSSER, for the protection of the burgers, he could no longer restrain himself; he considered he could with consistency remain there no longer, that his own dignity was infringed upon by such transactions, and he begged to be once more reinstated in his former situation, or to be eventually dismissed; and at last he formally resigned his office.

In the year 1794 we find SCHLOSSER in Pforzheim; after the advance of the French army to Speien and Worms, it appeared advisable for him, considering the undefended state of the country, to take refuge deeper in Swabia. A short time after this he travelled into Switzerland, where he spent some happy days with his friends, MULEN and LAVATER. For a length of time he had in his own mind fostered a plan which, should it be carried out, would have a material influence upon his life and actions. In 1794 he finally left the service of the Margrave and proceeded to Aurbach. Two years after this he was enabled to realise what he had so long contemplated. The growing disturbances of the country had awakened in him the desire to take refuge in the north. Such an asylum as he had hoped he was fortunate enough to find in Eutin. There lived Voss and STOLBERG, and not far off CLAUDIUS; JACOBI also was for some time among them; and here, in the bosom of his family, amidst a circle of valued friends, in the peaceful study of the Muses, and in the retirement of private life, he passed the most tranquil, worthy, and industrious period of his career. But it was not for one who could be of such use to others, to terminate his life in this seclusion. He was called to be Syndicat of his native town. Moved alike by inclination and duty, he left Eutin in 1798. This renewed activity, however, endured but for one year. He died on the 17th of October, 1799, after a short illness, and at the age of sixty. He lies in his grave without monument or mark of any kind, without a stone to tell his name; neither does he need it. His wonderful literary efforts form the best of monuments. We are astonished at the fertility and energy of a man who, with the numerous duties of a profession to attend to, nevertheless left behind him upwards of ninety publications of greater or lesser importance; yet we scarcely know which most to marvel at, the excellence of what he has done, or the untiring versatility which enabled SCHLOSSER to seize at once upon the several branches of jurisprudence, politics, philosophy, and religion, or his sound knowledge of antiquity and languages, whereby he rendered many an old and new master-work accessible to German readers. And yet SCHLOSSER is the same throughout all: his works reflect the image of the same character.

We have seen that he never learned to conform himself to what we call circumstances, but would before all

things hold fast in word and deed to what he judged to be truth. This inflexibility, this steadfast adherence to what has once been acknowledged as right, is a striking feature in characters like his, where a certain dry rigid strength is often apparent, softened indeed in his case by rare literary cultivation, a knowledge of many languages, and an undeniable kindness of heart and manner towards all around him. No one could be less of a rigorist than he. In his "Fragment über Toleranz," he says, "Nothing should be intolerant but truth;" and then proceeds to mark the boundary between indifference and intolerance. He gives one rule: "No one should be tolerant with himself; no one should be intolerant against opinion which affects not himself, nor yielding to those who would force opinions upon him." Some may have accused him of pedantry, but few deserved the blame as little as he did; pedantry is a fault which belongs not to the learned only. He often repeated one maxim, which doubtless turned from him many of those *soi-disant* excellent hearted persons, whose eyes fill with tears at every hard necessity of daily life, "never to be hot on a cold subject." At the same time he never could be classed with those men—it is difficult to know whether they should be called happy or unhappy—to whom heaven has denied the warmth and glow of passion. In his "Neu en Menoza" LENZ has painted SCHLOSSER under the mask of Prince TANDI, or rather attempted to do so, for the latter might have reproached LENZ with regarding him only from one point of view, that of the calm cold man who abhors hypocrisy; the philosopher who seeks only for man, who refers all things to firmly acknowledged principles; and not from the other equally essential to a correct whole, that of the man who feels and suffers, who loves and hates alike with equal fervour. This chilling hardness belonged so little to his character, that, according to himself, he had infinite struggles to overcome a certain sensibility which often threatened to unfit him for the business of life. In his early days, indeed, it frequently appeared to him wonderful how a man with a heart beating strongly for what this world never can give, can endure to remain in it. But his own firm belief in a future preserved him from the catastrophe which sometimes follows thoughts of this kind; add to which, his love of knowledge, and his devotion to mathematics in particular, in which he said he would often take refuge from the pressure of strange "thick coming fancies," reconciled him to life. Thus SCHLOSSER early accustomed himself to concede equal importance to the ideal and the real nature of man, holding each, perhaps with more light than warmth, perfectly distinct from the other. Thus he learned to know the genuine nature of human happiness—that is to say, that blissful condition where we wish for no more than what we have. Every thought which hovers beyond that boundary gains nothing, but, on the contrary, disturbs what was possessed before. His happiness lay in the firm hold of his favourite maxim, "Desire not that which may fail you." To a man of this kind, the tone of the great world must have been unbearable; add to which, his reserved temperament always led him to draw back from the mass, and to hide from it his best and finest feelings. He looked every where, and in vain, for character and purpose in his fellow-men; for something of manliness and strength; he writes to FORSTER—"Our posterity, if they would be men once more, must, I fear, pass through a state of comparative barbarism, in which the mind will be driven so far in the background, that it may come forth fresh and young." This was, probably, his sincere opinion. He looked right and left, but could see no prospect of redemption in the workings of his own age. Even ROUSSEAU, whom he held among the highest, he judged had gone very far astray. While pointing

out, on the one hand, that the path of nature was but a path in dust, and, on the other, that neither was it to be found among the clouds, he could not convince them, as he did himself, that eventually the true way would be seen and followed.

Spite of the purity of his heart and mind, the almost Socratic wisdom of his life, a man who saw himself surrounded only with perversion and evil, against which he felt he must only live to struggle, could scarcely be fully and completely happy. In his youth he was seldom even cheerful; his ideal was never to be found; in after years, when his powers diminished, when he retreated gradually from the stage of life, and became more of a spectator, then first he entertained some gleams of a brighter state of mind. All passion and excitement had passed away; and far from looking upon old age as the winter of life, he thought that, with reference to the immortal, which has no winter, old age should be called the spring, while youth and manhood are, in fact, but further removed from that eternal summer. The cares of earth, worldly troubles and anxieties lay upon us then, and upon all that we have of the divine and heavenly, like thick frost and snow. As old age comes on they melt away, one after the other, until, at the close of life, they have entirely disappeared.

In his youth, he found any thing but peace in those relationships which should have cheered and gladdened his life. With his first wife, CORNELIA GOETHE, he was never thoroughly united; she was discontented and unhappy, and much as he might regard and esteem her, there was never perfect harmony between them. She died in 1777.

This connection with GOETHE brought no additional charm or pleasure to his life; the marriage, as we all know, was disagreeable to GOETHE; besides, characters like theirs seem to remove diagonally one from the other. Even when the first discords had passed over, they resolved themselves into little more than cold and distant acquaintanceship.

SCHLOSSER was happier in 1778, when he met with another woman, who, as his wife, was better fitted to understand and enter into his feelings; he was, at this time, happier too, in his friends. Among them we find the names of those most distinguished at that day. In 1784 JOHANN GEORG JACOBI was removed to Freiburg as professor, and from this time we see him foremost in the circle at Emmending. SCHLOSSER was warmly attached to him, although the opinions of his contemporaries differed much in their estimation of the Anacreontic editor of the *Iris*; JACOBI was at heart a good man, and his chief failing was that he never did himself justice. He shared in an error of his age, in holding that the excitement of sympathy was virtue itself. As a poet also SCHLOSSER held him high. The brother, too, was much valued by SCHLOSSER, he, the sanguine thinker, whom HEGEL has likened to a man who has found an ancient enigma, on a rock, and with every rising sun hopes to find the answer, which every setting sun proves to be an error. They shared together a deep-rooted aversion to the Kantian system, and each sought to combine the philosophy with the poetry of belief.

He was attached likewise to PFEFFEL, and LERSE in Colmar; afterwards in Eutric with Voss, STOLBERG, and CLAUDIUS; HEINKE also formed one of the friendly Emmending clique. The unfortunate LENZ, whose madness broke out in SCHLOSSER's house, was treated by him with real brotherly care and attention, until his condition became so much worse that it was necessary to place him under other hands. MERCK and LAVATER we have before named among his friends; his acquaintance would seem to have been universal, including almost every name of distinction at the time; even with a CAGLIOSTRO he came in contact, taking him

once under his protection—a circumstance which furnished a subject of severe animadversion from the editor of the *Berliner Monats Schrift*, a man always very inimical to SCHLOSSER. KLINGER has declared, that among the most influential occurrences of his life, was his meeting with SCHLOSSER, and that he ever esteemed it a source of earnest benefit to him, that to the last, SCHLOSSER was his true friend, and that, far or near, their minds were ever firmly united.

And yet how unlike in many respects was SCHLOSSER to all these men! How unlike MERCK, how unlike the stormy, passionate LENZ, or even KLINGER, in whose religious exaltation he never could share, and with whom, indeed, he would seem to have but little in common, beyond a deep reverence for ROUSSEAU, and sorrow for the degenerate powers, both mental and physical, of their century! But we must remember, distinct and dissimilar as these appear, they were united by one bond; a sense of the awakened freedom of poetical feeling, which in that age of revolutions asserted also its own rights and sympathy with the reforming efforts of the growing youth around them. SCHLOSSER, old though he then was, averse to nothing so much as a state of quiescence, whose taste had chiefly been formed by the poets of antiquity and those of England, could not refrain from joining in the efforts of the young. He knew well the evils under which German poetry then laboured. He observes to LENZ, that—

Europe is ridiculous in many points of view, but most ridiculous there, where it speaks of art, of feeling, or sentiment of any kind. There are a thousand doors whereat nature can enter our hearts. Pedants and the schoolwise know but of one, and have for ever closed all others, both to themselves and their disciples. This one there are few who can enter straight in.

Even those theories of art and criticism which at that time met with universal approval, pleased him but little. One rule he advocated, "If you have indeed felt what you describe, fear not, but that the reader, if he has a heart, will feel it also, and trouble himself but little concerning time and space." Correct as he might be in generalities, his Treatise on the Sublime, which he published in 1781, as prefatory to his translation of "Longinus," is scarcely a good essay, his principles are at best but superficial. More interesting do we find his remarks upon the "Neuen Menoza," where he details the progress of his own æsthetic cultivation. At an early period his young mind was inflamed with the noble sentiments and heroic characters of SOPHOCLES; then the Iliad set his soul on fire; after that his heart was melted by OSSIAN. Then he fell upon ARISTOTLE, but he cast the book aside. It was for him too cold, too matter-of-fact. Once only when he was ill—and he only studied the poets when in good health,—he turned to the Greek critic, from him to DUBOS, MARMONTEL, BATTEUX, BAUMGARTEN, and read all with delight. But as he recovered himself, how tasteless, almost repulsive, did he find the disciples of these rules, CORNEILLE, RACINE, VOLTAIRE, ARNAUD! He afterwards read SHAKSPEARE, and heaven seemed clear before him. Then he perceived, what in his illness had escaped him, that these critics and rule-makers had but hung upon the external, the spirit which breathes through all, was utterly unknown to them. He saw, furthermore, that though the forms or manifestations are a thousand fold, the spirit which inspires them is but one. There is but one rule, and that is *feel*, if you would be felt!

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Papers on Literature and Art. By S. MARGARET FULLER. 8vo. New York and London, 1846. Wiley and Putnam.

So recently as last week we had occasion to compliment an American lady on her proficiency in a science which, though obviously a proper subject for the study of woman, had rarely been approached by her, and perhaps never before without incapacitating timidity, or an embarrassing sense of presumption. Scarcely had the sheet which contained that eulogy issued from the press, before another lady-aspirant from beyond the Atlantic advances, and lays the offering by which she hopes to conciliate public favour with modest confidence before us. And after examining her oblation, cordially do we bid her welcome; for she gives us what we most value and desire—independent untrammelled thought, and wholesome, at least, if not always sapid truths.

The essays here collected, with the exception of one on American Literature, appeared from time to time in certain of the American periodicals. Their range is wide and varied, comprehending the *Prose Works of MILTON*; the *Lives of Sir James Macintosh*, and of the great German composers; remarks upon the Modern British Poets, and separately upon the Poems of Miss Barrett and of Robert Browning; the Modern Drama; Mr. Allston's Pictures; Swedenborgianism; Methodism at the Fountain; some Dialogues, and a story, called "The Two Herberts." All of these papers contain passages of striking beauty; everywhere we recognize the welcome and unmistakable tokens of a mind whose forceful activity conventionalities have been unable to fetter, and whose aspirations and sympathies, equally lofty and pure, do honour to humanity.

As a critic of literature, we accord to MARGARET FULLER a high position. She possesses most of the requirements essential to that office—quickness of apprehension, varied and extensive reading, a sound judgment, and a discriminating taste. Her defects, for the most part, are not radical, but such as time and exertion may remove. Chief among these are, a deficiency of mere worldly experience, a tendency to philosophise beyond her powers, an inability to generalize effectively, and often a lack of power to utter intelligibly the most delicate of her perceptions and feelings. A few extracts, however, will afford the reader an opportunity of judging for himself, and, we believe, justify the propriety of these remarks. There is both grandeur and beauty in this passage from an essay on the "Poets of the People." It forms the opening to a notice of the poems of PRINCE, who is admitted by this lady to the Pantheon of "the Million."

PRINCE'S POEMS.

By signs too numerous to be counted, yet some of them made fruitful by specification, the Spirit of the Age announces that she is slowly, toilsomely, but surely, working that revolution, whose mighty deluge rolling back, shall leave a new aspect smiling on earth to greet the "most ancient heavens." The wave rolls forward slowly, and may be as long in retreating, but when it has retired into the eternal deep, it will leave behind it a refreshed world, in which there may still be many low and mean men, but no lower classes; for it will be understood that it is the glory of a man to labour, and that all kinds of labour have their poetry, and that there is really no more a lower and higher among the world of men with their various spheres, than in the world of stars. All kinds of labour are equally honourable, if the mind of the labourer be only open so to understand them. But as

The glory 'tis of Man's estate,—
For this his dower did he receive,
That he in mind should contemplate
What with his hands he doth achieve.
Observe we sharply, then, what vantage,
From confux of weak efforts springs;
He turns his craft to small advantage
Who knows not what to light it brings.

It is this that has made the difference of high and low, that certain occupations were supposed to have a better influence in liberalizing and refining the higher faculties than others. Now the tables are turning. The inferences and impressions to be gained from the pursuits that have ranked highest are for the present exhausted. They have been written about, prated about, till they have had their day, and need to lie in the shadow and recruit their energies through silence. The mind of the time has detected the truth that as there is nothing, the least, effected in this universe, which does not somehow represent the whole, which it is again the whole scope and effort of human intelligence to do, no deed, no pursuit can fail, if the mind be "divinely intended" upon it, to communicate divine knowledge. Thus it is seen that all a man needs for his education is to take whatsoever lies in his way to do, and do it with his might, and think about it with his might, too; for

He turns his craft to small advantage
Who knows not what to light it brings.

And, as a mark of this diffusion of the true, the poetic, the philosophic education, we greet the emergence more and more of poets from the working classes—men who not only have poet hearts and eyes, but use them to write and print verses. Beranger, the man of the people, is the greatest poet, and, in fact, the greatest literary genius of modern France. In other nations, if "the lower classes" have not such an one to boast, they at least have many buds and shoots of new talent. Not to speak of the patronised plough-boys and detected merits, they have now an order, constantly increasing, able to live by the day labour of that good right hand which wields the pen at night; with aims, thoughts, feelings of their own, neither borrowing from, nor aspiring to, the region of the rich and great. Elliott, Nicol, Prince, and Thom find enough in the hedge-rows that border their every-day path—they need not steal an entrance to padlocked flower-gardens, nor orchards guarded by man-traps and spring-guns. Of three of these it may be said, they

Were cradled into Poesy by Wrong,
And learnt in Suffering what they taught in Song.

But of the fourth—Prince, we mean—though he indeed suffered enough of the severest hardships of work-day life, the extreme hardships of life, when work could not be got, yet he was no flint that needed such hard blows to strike out the fire, but an easily bubbling naphtha-spring that would have burned much the same, through whatever soil it had reached the open air. He was born of the poorest labouring people, taught to read and write imperfectly only by means of the Sunday Schools, discouraged in any taste for books by his father lest his time, if any portion were that way bestowed, should not suffice to win his bread,—with no friends of the mind, in youthful years, except a volume of Byron, and an old German who loved to tell stories of his native land;—married at nineteen, in the hope of mingling some solace with his cup; plunged, by the birth of children, into deeper want, going forth to foreign lands a beggar in search of employment, returning to his own country to be received as a pauper, having won nothing but mental treasure, which no man wished to buy; he found his wife and children in the workhouse, and took them thence home to lie with him on straw in an unfurnished garret. Thus passed the first half of the span allotted on earth to one made in God's image. And during those years Prince constantly wrote into verse how such things struck him. But we cannot say that his human experiences were deep; for all these things, that would have tortured other men, only pained him superficially. Into the soul of Elliott the iron has entered; the lightest song of Beranger echoes to a melancholy sense of the defects of this world, with its Tantalus destinies, a melancholy which touches it at times with celestial pathos. But life has made but little impression on Prince. Endowed by nature with great purity of instincts, a healthy vigour of feeling more than of thought, he sees, and expresses in all his works, the happiness natural to man. He sees him growing, gently, gradually, with no more of struggle and labour than is wanted to develop his manly strength, learning his best self from the precious teachings of domestic affections, fully and intelligently the son, the lover, the husband, the father. He sees him walking amid the infinite fair shows of nature, kingly, yet companionable, too. He sees him offering to his

God no sacrifice of blood and tears, whether others' or his own, but the incense of a grateful and obedient heart, ever ready for love and good works. It is this childishness, rather than this virginity of soul, that makes Prince's poems remarkable. He has no high poetic power, not even a marked individuality of expression. There are no lines, verses, or images that strike by themselves; neither human nor external nature are described so as to make the mind of the poet foster-father to its subject. The poems are only easy expression of the common mood of a healthy mind and tender heart, which needs to vent itself in words and metres. Every body should be able to write as good verse,—every body has the same simple, substantial things to put into it. On such a general basis the high constructive faculty, the imagination, might rear her palaces, unafraid of ruin from war or time.

A specimen of the fine-drawn running into the obscure is afforded by the subjoined, from a paper on the Lives of the Great Composers. This essay, we should suppose, was one of the earliest written in the collection, for it contains a greater number of blemishes, we think, than any here offered to the public. The parallelism of the lady's similes and illustrations is not always close, as the reader will perceive, and there is a visible strain in the thought, that is not agreeable.

The lives of the musicians are imperfectly written for this obvious reason. The soul of the great musician can only be expressed in music. This language is so much more ready, flexible, full, and rapid than any other, that we can never expect the minds of those accustomed to its use to be expressed by act or word, with even that degree of adequacy, which we find in those of other men. They are accustomed to a higher stimulus, a more fluent existence. We must read them in their works; this, true of artists in every department, is especially so of the high-priests of sound. Yet the eye, which has followed with rapture the flight of the bird till it is quite vanished in the blue serene, reverts with pleasure to the nest, which it finds of materials and architecture, that, if wisely examined, correspond entirely with all previously imagined of the songster's history and habits. The biography of the artist is a scanty gloss upon the grand text of his works, but we examine it with a deliberate tenderness, and could not spare those half-effaced pencil marks of daily life. In vain the healthy reactions of nature have so boldly in our own day challenged the love of greatness, and bid us turn from Boswellism to read the record of the village clerk. These obscure men, you say, have hearts also, busy lives, expanding souls. Study the simple annals of the poor, and you find there, only restricted and stifled by accident, Milton, Calderon, or Michel Angelo. Precisely for that, precisely because we might be such as these, if temperament and position had seconded the soul's behest, must we seek with eagerness this spectacle of the occasional manifestation of that degree of development which we call hero, poet, artist, martyr. A sense of the depths of love and pity in "our obscure and private breasts" bids us demand to see their sources burst up somewhere through the lava of circumstance, and Peter Bell has no sooner felt his first throb of penitence and piety, than he prepares to read the lives of the saints. Of all those forms of life which in their greater achievement shadow forth what the accomplishment of our life in the ages must be, the artist's life is the fairest in this, that it weaves its web most soft and full, because of the material most at command. Like the hero, the statesman, the martyr, the artist differs from other men only in this, that the voice of the demon within the breast speaks louder, or is more early and steadily obeyed than by men in general. But colors, and marble, and paper scores are more easily found to use, and more under command, than the occasions of life or the wills of other men, so that we see in the poet's work, if not a higher sentiment, or a deeper meaning, a more frequent and more perfect fulfilment than in him who builds his temple from the world day by day, or makes a nation his canvass and his palette.

To the following passage describing the precocity of the genius of HANDEL we give place:—

The vigour, the ready decision, and independence of Handel's character are displayed in almost every trait of his youthful years. At seven years old he appears as if really in-

spired by a guardian genius. His father was going to Weissenfels, to visit an elder son, established at court there. He refused to take the little Handel, thinking it would be too much trouble. The boy, finding tears and entreaties of no avail, stole out and followed the carriage on foot. When his father perceived him persist in this, he could resist no longer, but took him into the carriage and carried him to Weissenfels. There the Duke, hearing him play by accident in the chapel, and finding it was but a little child, who had been obliged too to cultivate his talent by stealth, in opposition to the wishes of his father, interfered, and removed all obstruction from the course of his destiny. Like all the great musicians he was precocious. This necessarily results from the more than usually delicate organization they must possess, though, fortunately for the art, none but Mozart has burnt so early with that resplendence that prematurely exhausted his lamp of life. At nine years of age Handel composed in rule, and played admirably on more than one instrument. At fifteen he insisted on playing the first harpsichord at the Hamburg opera-house, and again his guardian genius interfered in a manner equally picturesque and peculiar. "The elder candidate was not unfit for the office, and insisted on the right of succession. Handel seemed to have no plea, but that of natural superiority, of which he was conscious, and from which he would not recede." Parties ran high; the one side unwilling that a boy should arrogate a place above a much older man, one who had a prior right to the place, the other maintaining that the opera-house could not afford to lose so great a composer as Handel gave promise of becoming, for a punctilio of this kind. Handel at last obtained the place.

As a critic of art Mrs. FULLER is no less successful. True she lacks the practical learning of the European critic whose life has been spent among master-pieces of art, and whose taste and judgment have been matured by continual study of them; but the qualities which constitute her an able critic of books qualify her also to speak of every thing but the purely mechanical and merely artistic merits of pictures. The same perception of the beautiful, the same refinement of taste, the same quick and delicate fancy are visible in her notices of art as in those of literature, and she is over-diffident when she disavows for her paper or Mr. ALLSTON'S pictures all claim to "the dignity of criticism."

The cause why America has strictly no school of art which she may term "her own" is justly stated in the following passage:—

There is no poetical ground-work ready for the artist in our country and time. Good deeds appeal to the understanding. Our religion is that of the understanding. We have no old established faith, no hereditary romance, no such stuff as Catholicism, Chivalry afforded. What is most dignified in the Puritanic modes of thought is not favourable to beauty. The habits of an industrial community are not propitious to delicacy of sentiment. He, who would paint human nature, must content himself with selecting fine situations here and there; and he must address himself, not to a public which is not educated to prize him, but to the small circle within the circle of men of taste. If, like Wilkie or Newton, he paints direct from nature, only selecting and condensing, or choosing lights and draperies, I suppose he is as well situated now as he could ever have been; but if, like Mr. Allston, he aims at the Ideal, it is by no means the same. He is in danger of being sentimental and picturesque, rather than spiritual and noble. Mr. Allston has not fallen into these faults; and if we can complain, it is never of blemish or falsity, but of inadequacy. Always he has a high purpose in what he does, never swerves from his aim, but sometimes fails to reach it.

What a charming and even eloquent description of a picture is this! The heart opens and kindles at it, as to the impressions of Nature herself:—

The Italian Shepherd Boy is seated in a wood. The form is almost nude, and the green glimmer of the wood gives the flesh the polished whiteness of marble. He is very beautiful, this boy; and the beauty, as Mr. Allston loves it best, has not yet unfolded all its leaves. The heart of the flower is still

a perfumed secret. He sits, as if he could sit there for ever, gracefully lost in reverie, steeped, if we may judge from his mellow brown eye, in the present loveliness of nature, in the dimly anticipated ecstasies of love. Every part of nature has its peculiar influence. On the hill-top one is roused, in the valley soothed, beside the waterfall absorbed. And in the wood, who has not, like this boy, walked as far as the excitement of exercise would carry him, and then, with "blood listening in his frame," and heart brightly awake, seated himself on such a bank? At first he notices everything, the clouds doubly soft, the sky deeper blue, as seen shimmering through the leaves, the fyttes of golden light seen through the long glades, the skimming of a butterfly ready to light on some starry wood-flower, the nimble squirrel peeping archly at him, the flutter and wild notes of the birds, the whispers and sighs of the trees,—gradually he ceases to mark any of these things, and becomes lapt in the Elysian harmony they combine to form. Who has ever felt this mood understands why the observant Greek placed his departed great ones in groves. While, during this trance, he hears the harmonies of Nature, he seems to become her and she him; it is truly the mother in the child, and the Hamadryads look out with eyes of tender twilight approbation from their beloved and loving trees. Such an hour lives for us again in this picture. Mr. Allston has been very fortunate in catching the shimmer and glimmer of the woods, and tempering his greens and browns to their peculiar light.

We must here conclude our notice of a book which, for the value of the contents which it enshrines, and from its being the first offering of a lady from whom we shall hope for many such delightful and refreshing works in time to come, we earnestly recommend to the perusal of our readers, promising them a large share of intellectual pleasure, if they obtain and read it.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

CHINA.

Soon after the news of peace with China reached England, the Horticultural Society appointed a collector to proceed to that country in search of plants. Mr. Fortune, the gentleman selected to fill that office, left this country early in the spring of 1843, and arrived in China on the 6th of July. He sailed from Shanghai on his return on the 10th of October, 1845, and arrived in the Thames on the 6th of May last. During his stay in China, he visited Macao, Canton, Hong Kong, Amoy, Foo-chow-foo, Chusan, Shanghai, and Ningpo. To most of these places he made repeated visits. He also made a flying excursion to the Philippines, and remained a short time at Manila. A brief sketch of Mr. Fortune's proceedings has been printed for the use of the fellows of the Horticultural Society. As he proposes publishing his personal narrative, the society has permitted him to reserve the full details of his observations on Chinese agriculture and Horticulture for that work. The sketch alluded to contains, however, notices of the vegetation of China, and also of the general aspect of the country and the character of the inhabitants, which, though slight, are valuable in our actual state of imperfect information respecting them. This consideration has induced us to submit a few extracts to our readers.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA.—The first view we had of the shores of this celebrated country was far from promising. The islands which lie scattered over this part of the sea, as well as the shores of the main land, have a most bleak and barren appearance. Granite rocks are seen every where protruding through the soil, and rearing their heads above the scanty vegetation. The soil of the hills is a reddish clay, containing very little vegetable matter, and is mixed with portions of the granite in a decaying state, and generally has a cracked and burnt appearance. It is of course a little richer in the ravines and valleys, where the best portions are annually washed down by the rains; but even here it is far from being good soil, at least what would be considered as such in England.

HONG KONG.—This island is a chain of mountains, 1,800 or 2,000 feet high, sloping in a rugged and unequal manner on each side, down to the sea. It is about ten miles in length from east to west; in some places three, in others five, in

breadth, and contains very little level ground capable of cultivation. In its general features and sterility it is exactly the same as I have already noticed with regard to other portions of this part of the Chinese empire. There are few trees of any size to be met with on the island, except those kinds, such as *Mangos*, *Lee-chees*, *Longans*, *Wampees*, *Guanas*, and other well-known things, which are planted and reared in some of the most fertile spots, for the sake of their fruit. *Pinus sinensis* is met with everywhere on the hill sides, but it never attains any size, partly owing to the sterility of the soil, and partly to the practice which the Chinese have of lopping off its under branches yearly for firewood. Several species of the *Lagerstræmia* are met with, both wild and in gardens, and are so ornamental when in bloom, that they always reminded me of our own beautiful hawthorn. The Screw pine (*Pandanus odoratissimus*), and two or three well-known species of palm, are met with on the low land near the sea. As we ascend, the hill side and ravines become rich in *Melastomas*, *Lycopodiums*, *Ferns*, *Phaius grandifolius*, and several other familiar Orchideous plants. It is a curious fact, however, that all the fine flowering plants which we admire so much in England, are found high up on the hills. The *Azaleas*, *Enkianthus*, and *Clematisses*, for example, generally choose situations from 1,500 to 1,800 feet above the level of the sea.

CHINCHEW.—During our stay to refit in the bays of Chimoo and Chinchew, I availed myself of the opportunity of exploring the adjacent country. It was on these hills that I found the pretty *Abelia rupestris*, *Campanula grandiflora*, and *Statice Fortunei*, which are now in the gardens of the Society at Chiswick. The natives in this part of the country are a lawless and independent race, who care nothing for the government, and who set the laws of the empire at defiance. I and my servant were sometimes placed in most critical situations amongst them, where a great deal of tact and determination were necessary to get us safely out of their hands.

CHUSAN.—As we approached the islands of the Chusan Archipelago, I was much gratified with the great change in the aspect of the country. There was a freshness and luxuriance about the vegetation entirely different from what I had seen before. Fewer rocks were seen protruding through the ground, and many of the hills were cultivated nearly to their summits, which at once proved the superior nature of the soil. The first glance at the vegetation convinced me that it was very different from what I had seen in the south, and that the north of China must be the chief scene of my future labours in the country. I was now continually travelling amongst the hills, not only of Chusan and the adjacent islands, but frequently on the main land, where I went without being molested in any way. The dispositions of the people seemed to have changed with the aspect of their country. Their features were more European; they seemed perfectly harmless, appearing to bear us no ill-will, and frequently were even kind, which is saying a great deal for the Chinese, unless they have some selfish motive for such conduct.

SHANGHAI, ITS GARDENS AND NURSERIES.—In a country like this, which is everywhere flat and cultivated, it was not expected that I could find very many wild plants. Two, however, were met with, which have since attracted a considerable share of notice in England. I allude to *Cryptomeria japonica* and *Anemone japonica*. The latter was found, when in full flower, amongst the graves of the Chinese, which are round the ramparts of the city. It blooms in November, when other flowers are gone by, and is a simple and beautiful ornament to the last resting-places of the dead. If the number of wild flowers in this district was few, they were well made up by those which I afterwards found in gardens and nurseries. From the number of flower-shops in the city, which at this season were filled with chrysanthemums, I was quite certain that there must be somewhere in the vicinity nurseries for their cultivation, but the great difficulty was to find them out. The Chinese here, who knew little or nothing of us except as their conquerors, were frightened and jealous, and would give no information on the subject. They always suspected that I had some other object in view than simply collecting the plants of their country. At that time I could not speak a word of the language; and my servant, who was brought up from the province of Canton, was equally at fault, so that every thing was up-hill work with us. However, by examining every hole and corner of the city and suburbs, and sometimes getting the

boys, who were less jealous than the rest, to assist us, we discovered several nurseries which contained large collections of plants, many of which were quite new and very ornamental.

FLORA OF CHUSAN.—The Flora of Chusan and all over the mainland in this part of China is very different from those portions of the south which I have already described. Almost all the species of a tropical character have entirely disappeared, and in their places we find others related to things found in the temperate parts of the world. I here met for the first time the beautiful *Glycine sinensis* wild on the hills, where it climbs in hedges and on trees, and allows its flowering branches to hang in graceful festoons by the sides of the narrow roads which lead across the mountains. The *Ficus nitida*, so common around all the temples and houses in the south, is here unknown, and many of those beautiful flowering genera which, as I before remarked, are only found on the top of the mountains in Hong Kong, here have chosen less exalted situations. I allude more particularly to the *Azaleas*, which abound on the hill-sides of this island. Most persons have seen and admired the *Azaleas* which are yearly brought to the Chiswick fêtes, and which, as individual specimens, surpass, in most instances, those which grow and bloom on their native hills; but few can form any idea of the gorgeous and striking beauty of the *Azalea* clad mountains, where, on every side, as far as our vision extends, the eye rests on masses of flowers of dazzling brightness and surpassing beauty. Nor is it *Azaleas* alone which meet the eye and claim our attention—*clematises*, *wild roses*, *honeysuckles*, the *Glycine sinensis*, noticed above, and a hundred other things, mingle their flowers with them, and make us confess that, after all, China is indeed the "central flowery land." There are several species of *Myrtaceous* and other *Ericaceous* plants, which are also common on the hills, but no species of heath has been ever found; and I believe the genus does not exist in this part of China.

THE TEA-TREE.—*Thea viridis*—the green-tree shrub—is cultivated in some parts rather extensively; but if we except a small quantity of tea which is annually sent over to Ningpo and the adjoining towns on the mainland, the whole of the produce is used by the natives themselves. Every small farmer and cottager has a few plants on his own premises, which he rears with considerable care, but seems to have no wish to enter on its cultivation on a larger scale for exportation. Indeed, it is questionable if it would pay, as the soil is scarcely rich enough; and, although the shrub grows pretty well, it is far from being so luxuriant as it is in the larger tea-districts of the mainland, which I afterwards visited.

NINGPO GARDEN.—On entering one of the gardens on a fine morning in May, I was struck with a mass of yellow flowers which completely covered a distant part of the wall. The colour was not a common yellow, but had something of buff in it, which gave the flowers a striking and uncommon appearance. I immediately ran up to the place, and to my surprise and delight found that I had discovered a most beautiful new yellow climbing rose. I have no doubt, from what I afterwards learned, that this rose is from the more northern districts of the Chinese empire, and will prove perfectly hardy in Europe. Another rose, which the Chinese call the "five-coloured," was found in one of these gardens at this time; it belongs to the section commonly called China roses in this country, but sports in a very strange and beautiful manner. Sometimes it produces self-coloured blooms—being either red or French white, and frequently having flowers of both on one plant at the same time—while at other times the flowers are striped with the colours already mentioned. This will also be as hardy as our common China rose.

ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION.—Mr. L. Fraser, who has been commissioned to travel on account of the Earl of Derby, has lately arrived here in quarantine from Tunis, with a magnificent collection of animals and birds, for the noble earl's menagerie. It consists of two male lion whelps, one male and two female stags, of a very rare genus (*Wahsch il Backkar*), an ostrich of extraordinary size, a goat, to which Mr. Fraser can apply no appropriate name, eyrets, hawks, an eagle, several immense vultures, singularly coloured rats and mice, a variety of plumed animals, several skins of birds and beasts, all of which are to be shipped by the *Montrose*, and taken *via* Southampton, to the noble earl's seat. Mr. Fraser having

accomplished his mission, designs returning to the coast to make further additions to the above already extensive menagerie.—*Malta Mail*, Aug. 23.

The extraordinary meteor noticed in our paper of Saturday excited very general attention. A correspondent of the *Standard* says:—"I was crossing Piccadilly from the Green-park, in company with two friends, when, I will not say our attention was arrested, for that phrase would convey no idea of the effect, but our amazement and wonder were excited by the most singular illumination of the heavens. It came on as suddenly as a flash of lightning, but it lasted for several seconds. It is not overstating the fact to say, that one might have picked up a pin by its light in any part of the street. As soon as the intensity of this light subsided, we looked up, asking each other if it were possible such an effect could be produced by a rocket, and we distinctly traced along the heavens the course of a star just fallen." The brilliancy of the meteor was so great as, according to this writer, "utterly to eclipse the gas-lights." The light is described in another account as of a lurid blueish tinge. It first made its appearance in the shape of a globe of fire, a little south of the zenith, and shot across the heavens towards the north, until it became extinguished after passing a few degrees beyond the polar star, and then the fiery train which it left behind appeared broken into two; the shorter part being nearest to the nucleus, and disappearing first after it, whilst the remainder, which seemed to be more than twenty degrees in length, retained its vivid brightness for about thirty seconds. The most singular feature in the phenomenon was then observed. The train, which had been changing gradually from the bright phosphoric white to a dull red, assumed a serpentine appearance, which soon changed into a semi-circular one, and perfectly resembled a cluster of minute stars, gradually becoming fainter and fainter, until, after a lapse of nearly five minutes, it quite vanished. The atmosphere was beautifully clear, and several smaller shooting stars were observed.

A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—On the forenoon of Monday last, while some boys were watching a pair of swallows feeding their young, behind Charlotte-street, a hawk, skimming along the eaves of the houses, suddenly pounced upon the nest and carried away two of the brood. One of the parent birds having witnessed the onslaught, instantly gave utterance to a peculiar cry, which, as by the power of incantation, quickly convened a noisy and enraged swarm of comrades from all quarters, who, with one consent, gave chase to the destroyer, and overtaking him ere he had got half across the Inch, commenced such a desperate attack that he soon gave evident signs of being fairly over-mastered, and ultimately sought the ground at a short distance from the Fishers' Lodge, where he bravely tried his best to repel the onsets of his assailants, but was compelled to relinquish his prey and seek for safety in inglorious flight. After his departure, which was effected under no little molestation, the swallows then set about the conveyance of the young ones to the nest, which, it is said, they effected in fine style, and seemingly to the satisfaction of the whole tribe, who gave unmistakable signs of being more than usually pleased on the occasion.—*Strathmore Journal*.

That destructive insect, the locust, continues to be picked up, in considerable numbers, on various parts of the coasts of Northumberland and Durham, many of them being three or four inches long, and of proportionate height. The unusual heat which has been experienced in our climate this year is supposed to have directed these destructive visitors to our shores, where the rigours of the approaching winter will probably extirpate such as escape capture in the interim by the hordes of naturalists and others who are now daily in pursuit of them.

RARE BIRDS.—Two specimens of the Hoopoe, a very rare visitant, were seen in Wombwell Wood, near Barnsley, this summer; one was shot. The Pied Flycatcher, a very locally distributed bird, comes every season to Stainboro' Park, the only place it visits in this part of Yorkshire, where it sports and rears its young in the holes of the huge oaks, happily secure from wanton bird-nesters, and more ruthless collectors of rare birds.

THE BLACK ROT.—The extraordinary disease which has affected the potatoes, would also seem—or if not the same disease, its parallel—to have attacked fruits. A curious proof

of its effects is evidenced in apples, and a specimen has been brought to our office of which the entire skin is perfectly black. This apple is one of a carefully gathered and picked lot; they were perfectly sound at the time of gathering, and gave no indication of disease. They have, however, rapidly "gone bad," and display the appearance we have described.—*Sussex Advertiser*.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economics of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

NOTICES OF THE CITY OF NINGPO AND ITS COMMERCE ON MARCH 1, 1845.

THE small town of Chinghae is situated at the mouth of the river Takia, and, sailing up the same river, at the distance of thirteen miles, we come to the city of Ningpo. The river above this receives other names from the places it passes. It has various branches and navigable canals, and communicates with the Tsientang, which is the principal river of the province, and passing the capital, Hanchew, falls into the sea to the east of Takia. There is another river in the south of the province, called Gnao, formed by the junction of twelve streams which descend from the hills in the district of Chuchew. Besides these three principal ones mentioned above, as many as ninety rivers and streams are enumerated in Chekiang, and a vast number of canals, which communicate with each other.

Hanchew is the capital of the province. It has large suburbs, and thousands of families live in boats on the river, in the same manner as at Canton. Its population appeared to the gentlemen of Lord Macartney's embassy to be little inferior in numbers to that of Pekin. In the suburbs built to the north of the city there is a lake of an irregular form, in which is the southern termination of the great canal, which extends 140 leagues. We have already said that the waters of the Tsientang, the river which passes Hanchew, communicate with those of the Takia, which washes Ningpo and falls into the sea near Chinghae.

Chekiang contains eleven cities (*fu*) of the first class, the heads of as many departments. Each department contains several cities (*lien*) of the second class. Those of the second class amount in all to seventy-eight. Each of these is the head of a district which contains several towns. Thus the province reckons eighty-nine cities and many small towns. The eleven of the first class are Hanchew, Kiabing, Huchew, Ningpo, Siaosing, Taitzen, Klyingqua, Kuchew, Yencheu, Nenchen, and Chuchew. Its population, according to the last census, was 26,300,000 souls, and its area double that of the kingdom of Denmark. It is bounded on the north by the province of Kiansu, on the east by the sea, on the south by Fukien, and on the west by Kiansi and Anjui. The archipelago of Chusan is included within its limits.

The circumstance of Ningpo being on the banks of the Takia, which, of the three principal rivers of the province, is that which communicates with the sea in the centre of its line of coast, and its favourable position at the confluence of two rivers, have made it the principal port of the province.

It is enough to cast a glance on its numerous large and mouldering temples, and the many expensive tombs of the great mandarins of the empire who were born in Ningpo, to see that this city was formerly a rich and flourishing place. Probably a great part of its prosperity was due to the lucrative commerce with South America, through Manilla and the galleon of Acapulco; this is attested by the Spanish dollars with old impressions which constitute the only coined money current in the country. The decay of this trade toward the end of last century no doubt produced a similar decay in the trade of Ningpo, or at least had an effect upon it. Here they have still a distinct recollection of Manilla. When the English took possession of these places they believed, and many still believe, that the Sepoys were Manilla men. The Chinese in general are so ignorant in what relates to foreign matters, that they cannot comprehend any other difference between Spain, England, and France, than what exists between the provinces of Fukien, Chekiang, and

Canton. It is notorious that, during the last war, most of them, if not all, believed that the English had legs without joints, and consequently if they should fall to the ground they could not rise again, and a thousand other absurdities no less ridiculous, although the English have traded to Canton for 200 years.

Ningpo is enclosed within a wall of about six miles in circumference. Though broader than that of Shanghai it has no bastions nor esplanade; nor would it be possible in its present state to mount artillery upon it. Much less has it exterior defences, as we cannot count as such a ditch filled with water which surrounds a great part of the wall, but without touching it. It is entered through six gates without drawbridges. At a stone's cast from it there are a vast number of houses, and in some places whole suburbs. Along the whole foot of the wall, as well as the whole level space, it is full of coffins uncovered, or covered only with a mat. The bodies thus placed in the air within coffins fall in pieces; the boards open, and the bones very frequently roll among the grass and the stones.

Though there are many collections of filth to be met in the city, it is certainly much cleaner and finer than Shanghai and many other Chinese cities. Neither cart nor mule are met in the streets, but only porters and sedan chairs.

There are many warm baths, heated by fire placed under the ground; also ice-houses, where the ice is preserved till summer, when it is used in large quantities to preserve fish; these are not sunk in the ground, but on the contrary raised so that moisture may not reach the ice. It contains several establishments where money is lent at interest upon pledges; and one house for foundlings, where wet nurses are engaged to suckle them. They are given to any person who wishes to receive them, but to obtain girls above ten or twelve years old it is necessary to buy them. There are no teachers in this establishment, which is supported by its own funds, and an annual grant from the Emperor; and contrary to the custom in Europe, the boys neither work nor learn any trade. Ill-managed as it is, it probably prevents much infanticide. The males are separated from the females; and I should say it is impossible to imagine a collection of more ragged, squalid, and filthy creatures than those which lodge here, if I had not seen the hospital (so called) of Ningpo, which to say the truth should be more properly called an institution for invalids. In it there are collected about 300 miserable beings of both sexes, mostly bent down by age and chronic complaints. Those who can walk or drag themselves along go out into the streets to solicit alms and return at night. The lodgings are not nearly so clean, nor so well protected from the severity of the seasons as the greater part of our stables. They have neither medical attendance nor medicine, nor means of procuring them; and it is only worth a visit to see a complete picture of human misery, and to be convinced of the infinite superiority of European civilization over the Chinese in all that relates to kindness and humanity. There is, however, in Ningpo a philanthropic society which contributes funds to give clothes to the poor, and to collect and inter the bodies found in the streets of those who die of hunger or cold. It appears there are not few, notwithstanding the above-mentioned hospital, into which it is said to be difficult to procure admission; and notwithstanding the philanthropic society which takes care to inter the poor after they are dead, but gives them no food while they are alive. A few days ago I met some of them in a deserted guard room of the wall. They assured me that above two thousand beggars walked the streets.

There is in Ningpo an hexagonal tower of about 150 feet high; and many temples full of idols, some of them of colossal size. The one called the temple of Fukien most attracts the attention of strangers by its laboured columns and splendid ceilings, where lively colours shine in varnish, gold, and silver. But there is nothing in it possessed of true merit, nor even moderate. At the distance of some leagues from the city, in a place called Tientun, there rises a monastery of vast extent, in which there is a large bell, a library with more than 500 different volumes, a caldron in which they say they can boil 50 peculs of rice, and which consequently would be sufficient to supply the wants of 10,000 Chinese. There are four idols very well painted, gilded and varnished, of colossal size; and whose feet measure about a yard each. But neither in the building, nor in the statues of this or any other temple,

or public edifice in Ningpo, is there anything to attract the attention of an artist. The same holds true of all the other districts of the empire which I have hitherto visited, with the exception of some gilded statues of the natural size in the great temple of Tinghae in Chusan.

The shops are most numerous, giving to the city completely the aspect of mercantile activity. The population within and without the walls may be about 250,000.

The commerce of Ningpo is of the same kind as that of Shanghai, although on a smaller scale. Referring, therefore, to the review which I wrote of the other, I shall avoid giving many details which would be repetitions.

Above 650 vessels come annually to this port from Shantung, Leatong and Teinsin, which bring Tauping, (an article of which I took notice in speaking of Shanghai); oil of *teuss* (peas); green and yellow *teuss*, brandy, pears, chestnuts, felt caps, cloth, cordage of different kinds, hams, salt meat, vegetables, stags' horns, medicines and drugs, wheat flour, oil and sauce of humps, humps, paste of green peas, nuts, flour of a species of large pea, this pea entire, sesamum, barley, seeds of the water-melon, oil (black) of the fruit of the tree kin, oil of the pea of suchau, a fruit called the fleshy date, a grain known as *paomi*, bones of animals, rice, a species of silk called Kin-chou, and the grain of the *Nuan-mi*, *Kanleang*, &c.

From Fukien and Taiwan there come annually from 500 to 600, which bring sugar, alum, paper, black tea, iron, wood for building, indigo both liquid and dry, salt fish, rice, umbrellas, dye woods, and fruits.

From Canton come 20 or 25 vessels; they bring sugarcandy, and the same articles as those which trade from that capital to Shanghai, and also some cotton.

From the Straits of Malacca and the adjacent isles, particularly from Jolo, some ships come annually with cargoes of what is called "Straits Produce," which is the same as that of the Philippines. These are known at Ningpo, as at Shanghai, under the name of ships of the west. Some years as many as eight or ten come, in others only one or two; last year there were none.

From the interior, by means of the rivers and canals, above 4,000 small vessels come annually.

There are besides many fishing and coasting vessels. For example, much wood and charcoal is sent to Shanghai, where they are sold at a profit of 25 per cent. In the archipelago of Chusan, distant twenty-four miles from Chinghai, I am informed that at some seasons of the year, 20,000 are employed in catching fish, which are salted and form a good article of commerce. The small depth of that part of the China sea, and the entrance of various rivers, which must bring down alimentary substances, probably sustain such immense swarms. The great number of fishers mentioned have rendered Chusan a favourable place for pirates.

Although we have said that above 650 vessels come from the provinces to the north-east, there are not in reality more than about 200, which make in one year two, three, and even sometimes four voyages; and the same thing takes place with those of Tainan and Formosa. Those from Canton, and those called Western ships, which bring the produce of the Straits of Malacca, make only one voyage in the year. The same thing happens with the vessels which come to the port of Shanghai; but though I was told so there, I did not fully credit it, as I was convinced the Chinese boats could only sail before a favourable wind.

Almost all the vessels which we have mentioned, and especially those which go to the north-east coast, belong to the merchants of this city, which explains its relative wealth, as compared with others, particularly among the traders. Generally the vessel is the property of one family or society, and the cargo is purchased on account of ten, twelve, or more interested; which system originates in the want of assurance companies, and from pirates and typhoons.

There are also in Ningpo many capitalists known under the name of dealers in money, or bankers, who lend at ten or twelve per cent. per year. It appears that much of the funds with which remittances are made at Shanghai belongs to bankers here; and I have been assured that they have lent to the merchants of that city five millions of dollars. These rich bankers and proprietors do not generally live in Ningpo itself, but in a small neighbouring city called Tzequi.

ART.

THE FINE ARTS COMMISSION.

WE give below the sixth report of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, together with an extract from the appendix thereto, which announces the value of the prizes for the competition of next year, and the conditions imposed upon the candidates who compete for them. It is satisfactory to find that the fresco by Mr. DYCE has removed all doubts as to the capability of English masters to work out their conceptions in that vehicle, and that the introduction of fresco into the body of the Houses of Parliament has been judicious—promising "to agree well with the architectural and other decorations therein adopted or to be adopted." The premiums offered, too, are munificent and alluring, and we have strong faith that the genius of British art will vindicate its claim to such liberality.

"TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY."

"We, the Commissioners appointed by your Majesty for the purpose of inquiring whether advantage might not be taken of the rebuilding of your Majesty's palace at Westminster, wherein your Majesty's Parliament is wont to assemble, for the purpose of promoting and encouraging the fine arts in your Majesty's united kingdom, and in what manner an object of so much importance might be most effectually promoted, humbly report to your Majesty that, having on a former occasion, viz., in our report of the 7th of August, 1845, recommended that six arched compartments in the House of Lords should be decorated with fresco paintings; having, at the same time, expressed our opinion that it would be desirable to proceed gradually with the execution of such fresco paintings, and that, in order to judge of the effect of the work in the locality aforesaid, one fresco should be completed before others should be commenced; we accordingly, and with the sanction of your Majesty, committed the execution of such first fresco painting to Mr. W. Dyce, A.R.A., the subject being that of the cartoon exhibited by him, viz., the Baptism of Ethelbert.

"We have now humbly to report to your Majesty that the said fresco painting was completed in the month of July last, in the centre compartment of the south wall of the House of Lords, and that we have inspected the same.

"The design having been before approved by us, our attention was chiefly directed to the work as an example of fresco painting, a method in a great measure new in this country, and in which we deemed it probable that some defects, arising from want of experience, might be apparent; defects which time and practice might, in future efforts, have removed. We have, however, the satisfaction to state that the work in question presents no evidence of such imperfections; that, on the contrary, it evinces great knowledge of the process of fresco painting, and great skill in its application; that, further, as regards the effect of fresco painting in the locality, we consider that it promises to agree well with the architectural and other decorations therein adopted or to be adopted. We therefore beg leave to confirm our former recommendation, and to propose that the remaining five compartments should be decorated with fresco paintings when the several designs for the same shall have been approved. And, being also of opinion that the satisfactory effect of Mr. Dyce's fresco is to be referred, in a great degree, to the style of design and colouring which he has adopted, and considering it desirable that a certain conformity of style and execution should pervade paintings employed in the decoration of architecture, and which must be seen together, we deem it important, without wishing to impose undue restrictions on the invention or taste of the other artists commissioned or to be commissioned to execute the remaining frescos in the House of Lords, that such artists should be recommended to adapt the size of their principal figures, their style of colouring, and the degree of completeness in the execution of their works, so as to make them agree sufficiently with each other and with the specimen already executed.

"We have further humbly to report to your Majesty that having, from time to time, been furnished with drawings by the architect showing the possible extent to which compar-

ments in the various localities of the palace at Westminster might be decorated with works of art, we are of opinion that it would not be expedient, with reference to the encouragement of British art, or with reference to the claims which may hereafter be urged for the commemoration of great events, to complete the series of paintings on the walls of the said palace at the present period; that, nevertheless, in accordance with the principles which have already guided us in deciding on the plan of decoration in the House of Lords, viz. with reference to fresco paintings, stained windows, and statues, proposed for that locality, and also in the selection of statues proposed for St. Stephen's porch, St. Stephen's-hall, and the Royal approaches, we conceive it to be the duty of this commission, for the better guidance of present and future artists, and in order to maintain a character of harmony and unity worthy of such a building, to determine a complete scheme for the future decoration of the palace. We are of opinion that in determining such scheme the especial destination of each portion of the building should be attended to; that, in the selection of subjects, the chief object to be regarded should be the expression of some specific idea; and the second, its illustration, by means of some well-known historic or poetic incident adapted for representation in painting.

"We humbly subjoin as an appendix to this report some papers treating in detail various matters connected with the subject of our inquiry:—

"ALBERT,
"SUTHERLAND,
"LANSLOWNE,
"LINCOLN,
"J. RUSSELL,
"PALMERSTON,
"MELBOURNE,
"CANNING,
"MAHON,
"ABERDEEN,
"WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY,
"Whitehall, August 4, 1846."

"LYNDHURST,
"ASHBURTON,
"COLBORNE,
"C. S. LEFEVRE,
"R. PEEL,
"J. R. G. GRAHAM,
"T. B. MACAULAY,
"R. H. INGLIS,
"B. HAWES,
"S. ROGERS,
"T. WYSE."

The appendix to the report contains—1. Commissions for frescos in the House of Lords. 2. Copy of a resolution passed at a meeting of the Commissioners, on the 5th of June, 1846, respecting decorative works. 3. Letter from Mr. Etty respecting colours prepared with wax. 4. Observations on fresco painting, by Mr. Dyce. 5. Communications from Mr. Hamlet Millett respecting a mode of rendering canvass durable by means of tan. 6. Communication from Mr. Linton respecting wax painting; and 7. The following notice respecting the competition in oil painting:—

"Her Majesty's Commissioners having announced that their attention would in due time be directed to the means of selecting for employment artists skilled in oil painting, with a view to the decoration of portions of the palace at Westminster, hereby give notice:—

"1. Three premiums of 500*l.* each, three premiums of 300*l.* each, and three premiums of 200*l.* each, will be given to the artists who shall furnish oil paintings, which shall be deemed worthy of one or other of the said premiums by judges to be appointed to decide on the relative merit of the works.

"2. The paintings are to be sent, in the course of the first week in June, 1847, for exhibition, to Westminster-hall.

"3. The Commissioners reserve to themselves the right of excluding from public exhibition works which shall be deemed by them not to possess sufficient merit to entitle them to such a privilege.

"4. The paintings, not exceeding two in number, by each artist, are required to be prepared for the occasion.

"5. The subjects are required to come under the general classes of religion, history, or poetry.

"6. The dimensions are left to the choice of the artists under the following conditions:—The figures are not to be less than two in number; the size of the nearest figure or figures, in at least one of the specimens by each artist, is to be not less than that of life; but the size of the figures is altogether left to the choice of painters of marine subjects, battle-pieces, and landscapes.

"7. The judges appointed to decide on the relative merit of the works may, if they shall think fit, require any artist to whom

a premium shall have been awarded, to execute, under such conditions as they may think necessary, an additional painting as a specimen of his ability, and in such case the premium awarded to such artist will not be paid, unless his second painting shall be approved by the judges.

"8. The names of the artists are not required to be concealed.

"9. The paintings will remain the property of the respective artists.

"10. Paintings which may combine appropriate subjects with a high degree of merit, shall be considered eligible to be purchased by the nation, in order to be placed in one of the apartments of the palace at Westminster.

"11. Religious, poetical, or allegorical subjects, which by judicious adaptation or treatment may have reference to the history or constitution of the kingdom may, as well as strictly historical subjects, be eligible to be so purchased.

"12. The judges to be hereafter appointed to decide on the relative merits of the works, with a view to the award of premiums, will consist partly of artists.

"13. The competition hereby invited is confined to British subjects, including foreigners who may have resided ten years or upwards in the United Kingdom.

"By command of the Commissioners,
"C. L. EASTLAKE, Sec."

CHIT CHAT ON ART.

Rauch's model for the colossal statue of the Grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has arrived at Merseburg for casting in bronze. The statue will be eleven feet in height; and stand on a granite pedestal, thirteen feet high, in the square of the grand ducal palace at Schwerin.

From Paris, we learn, that M. Alaux, the painter, has been appointed, by the King, director of the French School of painting at Rome.

The Emperor of Russia has just issued an order exempting artists and pupils belonging to the Imperial Academy of the Fine Arts, who may wish to visit foreign countries for improvement, from the payment of the usual dues charged on passports, provided they produce a certificate from the Academy stating that they possess a proper degree of talent. This measure is one of some importance, for the duty imposed on passports under the present system is very heavy, and goes on increasing for every six months that the party remains out of Russia.

MUSIC.

Anthems and Services for Church Choirs. No. 6. Burns. We have more than once introduced this excellent publication to the readers of the CRITIC. This new number is got up with equal care, and contains compositions by PURCELL, PALESTRINA, TALLIS, and FARRANT.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—In addition to M. Jullien at Covent-garden Theatre, it is stated that Mr. Allcroft, the monster concert speculator, has taken the Lyceum, after the close of the present season, for a month's promenade entertainments, for which vocalists have also been engaged. At the Adelaide Gallery, under M. Laurent, jun. promenade concerts are to be given.

NEW MUSIC-HALL IN LIVERPOOL.—We announced some time since, under the head "Music in Liverpool," that the Philharmonic Society had resolved to build a music-hall capable of holding upwards of 2,000 persons. The first stone was laid on the 23rd instant, by J. B. Branker, esq. When St. George's Hall is completed, Liverpool will boast of two immense music rooms, one to hold 5,000 and the other 2,000, whilst London is without a single concert-room of any dimensions. Paris is about to have a music-hall constructed in such a manner that it will hold 5,000 or 500 auditors at pleasure, by a system of contracting the space by partitions. Such an edifice is sadly wanted in the British metropolis. Hanover-square Rooms, with 800 persons, is a Calcutta black-hole, and Exeter-hall, confined as it is, to sectarians only, is not adapted for musical sounds.

The cost of the new Music Hall, the foundation stone of which was recently laid, will be 23,000*l*. It is calculated to contain 2,300 persons, and is from an elaborate design by J. Cunningham, esq.—*Liverpool Courier*.

FOREIGN MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

MUSIC IN PARIS.—There has been no novelty. At the Académie Royale de Musique, Mdle. Dameron has appeared in *Valentine* in the *Huguenots*. Madame Stoltz left Paris on Tuesday to sing at Lyons. Haler's *Mousquetaires de la Reine* continued to draw the public to the Opera Comique. Mdle. Berthe, a new vocalist from Brest, has appeared in the *Pré aux Clercs*. She is described as being very pretty, but having little voice. Madame Persiani had arrived in Paris, to open the Italian Opera in *Lucia* on Thursday, Oct. 1.

LA SCALA OF MILAN.—For the next carnival, Moriani, Marini, De Bassini, Rovere, Madame Tadolini, and Mdle. Angri have been engaged. Of these artists Marini, a young basso, as gigantic in person and voice as Lablache Rovere, the great buffo, and Mdle. Angri, the contralto, are engaged for Covent-Garden Theatre for the season 1847. Perrot and Fanny Elssler are engaged at the Scala.

A new one-act opera called *La Sultana*, composed by M. Maurice Bourges, has been quite successful at the Opera Comique, in Paris.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—An adaptation from the French drama, *Clarissa Harlowe*, has been produced here, and is announced for repetition every evening until further notice. We do not exactly know what Mr. SAMUEL RICHARDSON would have said to the proposition of bringing his pet work out in a dramatic form; the idea, we imagine, would have been to him anathema, maranatha, and for ourselves we should have never conceived it, from the apparent unfitness of the production to the purpose, unless in one of Mr. NATHANIEL LEE's five-and-forty act pieces. However, M. JULES JANIN having taken it into his head to render the novel into French, with considerable abridgment, alteration, and, as he fully believes, improvements, the theatrical scribes of Paris have transferred JULES JANIN's drama to the stage, where *Lovelace* and his pleasant ways have created an absolute furor. The *entente cordiale* existing on the part of English playwrights towards their French brethren has at once directed their attention to this all popular drama, and the result is the *Clarissa Harlowe*, of which we witnessed the first production at this theatre on Monday. RICHARDSON's classical story is so well known, in its general outline at all events, as to render it unnecessary for us to go into the plot of the piece. M. JULES JANIN does not allow *Lovelace* to triumph over his beautiful victim's virtue, and the drama before us closes on what is evidently to be the profligate's punishment. Some of the scenes are rather too piquantes. CHARLES MATHEWS is the *Lovelace* of the piece, but hardly the *Lovelace* of RICHARDSON; he has not the stamina wherewith to exhibit the daring, inflexible scoundrelism of the English author's hero. Mrs. STIRLING is the *Clarissa*; the circumstances under which the necessities of the character compel her to appear must make it a very unpleasant part, but her fine and conscientious spirit carries her through it admirably, and she acts it with consummate skill.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—On Thursday last, we had the pleasure of hearing DOCTOR BACKHOFFNER lecture on the Electro Needle Telegraph. This lecture is admirably calculated to amuse and instruct the variety of auditors who daily visit this well-regulated temple of science. This is an application of science extremely useful to all classes of society, and is, undoubtedly, well calculated for a subject of a lecture. The clear, simple, and unaffected style of this learned gentleman, and the evident pains which he takes to render plain and intelligible that which at first appears most intricate, and, at the same time, without losing sight of its importance, in a scientific point of view, is sufficient to render him extremely popular as a teacher of philosophy. The lecture was numerously attended, and the audience appeared highly delighted with the subject, and the variety of illustrations which the Professor exhibited.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time.]

BRITISH MUSEUM. Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

THEATRES.—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre. King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.

PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.

DIORAMA, Regent's-park. Every day.

COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.

THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.

CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

NECROLOGY.

THOMAS CLARKSON.

Clarkson! It was an obstinate hill to climb;
How toilsome—nay, how dire—it was, by thee
Is known: by none, perhaps, so feelingly.
But thou, who starting in thy youthful prime,
Didst first lend forth that enterprise sublime,
Hast heard thy constant voice its charge repeat,
Which out of thy young heart's oracular seat
First roused thee. O true yoke-fellow of time,
Duty's intrepid liegeman—see, the palm
Is won, and by all nations shall be worn!
The blood-stained writing is for ever torn.
Thou henceforth wilt have a good man's calm;
A great man's happiness. Thy seal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind!

WORDSWORTH.

THOMAS CLARKSON was born at Wisbeach, on the 28th of March, 1760, and was therefore in his 87th year at his death, which occurred at Playford Hall, Suffolk, on Saturday last. His early education was received in the free grammar school of Wisbeach, of which his father, "an exemplary, benevolent, and kind-hearted clergyman," was master, and who intended his son for his own profession. He was afterwards sent to St. Paul's school; and subsequently to St. John's College, Cambridge; and it was at this university that the incidental event occurred which gave the direction to Clarkson's future life, and contributed so signally, not only to the extinction of slavery throughout the vast dominions of Great Britain, but is destined, as we fervently hope, to render slavery itself all over the world the historical fossil of a past state of existence.

There was a public opinion in England on the subject of slavery and the slave trade before Clarkson began his labours. It was, in fact, the working of this public opinion which was the cause of his first study of the subject. As far back as 1727, the Society of Friends, at their general yearly meeting in London, resolved "that the importing of negroes was cruel and unjust," and it consequently received severe censure. This protest was annually kept up; and, to use the words of Mr. Taylor, a biographer and friend of Mr. Clarkson, "in 1760, more than twenty years before Clarkson's attention had been called to the subject, they passed a declaration at their yearly meeting to exclude from their society all who participated in any way in the guilty traffic. Almost the first recorded instance of a voluntary surrender of slave property was made in 1770 by a gentleman of that society, named Mifflin, who, having inherited from his father nearly forty slaves, generously gave them liberty, and employed them as freemen. Some of the most useful writers in behalf of the oppressed negroes were members of the American Society of Friends."

In this country the memorable efforts of Granville Sharpe led to that famous decision of Westminster Hall, that "slaves cannot breathe in England." A negro of the name of Somerset had been brought to London in 1769; and falling ill, his master turned him out of doors. Granville Sharpe found him in the street, in a state of great destitution, and got him conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he was cured. A situation was procured for him; and two years afterwards his old master, having discovered him and being desirous to regain possession of one who was now once more

worth the keeping, had him arrested, and imprisoned in the Poultry Compter, as a runaway slave. The negro applied to his benefactor; and Sharpe caused him to be brought before the Lord Mayor, who decided that Somerset should be set at liberty. But the slave-master, who had so practically exemplified that the rights of property were paramount to its duties, disregarded the Lord Mayor's decision, seized the negro in the very court itself, and declared that nothing should induce him to part with his slave. The benevolent Sharpe did not allow the matter to rest. An action was brought against the master, in the name of his alleged slave, for assault, and after a somewhat tedious legal process it was finally decided, in 1772, by the twelve judges, that as soon as a slave sets foot on English territory he is free.

These efforts gradually interested the more enlightened portion of the public, one evidence of which is the fact that Wilberforce, when a boy of 14 years of age, wrote a letter to a York newspaper, on "the odious traffic in human flesh." Dr. Peckhard, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, became interested in the question, and preached an eloquent sermon on it. The Vice-Chancellor went further. In 1785 he proposed, as a subject for a prize dissertation, "Anne liceat Invitos in Servitutem dare?"—"Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?" Thomas Clarkson, then 24 years of age, had gained the prize for the previous year's Latin dissertation; and with the ardour of youth entered the lists again.

"It is impossible," he remarks, in his *History of Slavery*, "to imagine the severe anguish which the composition of this essay cost me. All the pleasure I had promised myself from the contest was exchanged for pain, by the astounding facts that were now continually before me. It was one gloomy subject from morning till night. In the day I was agitated and uneasy; in the night I had little or no rest. I was so overwhelmed with grief that I sometimes never closed my eyes during the whole night, and I no longer regarded my essay as a mere trial for literary distinction. My great desire now was to produce a work that should call forth a vigorous public effort to redress the wrongs of injured Africa." Bearing this idea constantly in mind, and being extremely anxious that no thought that was connected with the subject should escape unrecorded, Clarkson always slept with a light in his room, so that he might rise at any time in the night, and put down any thing that occurred to his mind. An essay composed under such intensely excited feelings, and with such great care, could hardly fail to be successful. On completing it Clarkson handed it to the Vice-Chancellor, and was again honoured with the first prize. But neither his literary reputation, though he was by no means insensible to this, nor the time which elapsed from the period when he finished his essay to the day when its merits were adjudged, could divert his attention from the all-absorbing subject. His desire to expose the cruelties of slavery abated not. After reading his essay in the Senate-house in June, 1785, as is the usual practice, when the interest in such compositions commonly subsides, the subject continued to engross all his thoughts. "I could not," he says, "divest myself of the feeling that it was the duty of some one to expose the horrors of this bloody traffic. It grew upon me from day to day, and I could no longer keep my mind at rest."

Thus was the career of Thomas Clarkson determined; and his very first efforts in the cause are characteristic of that combined tenacity and ardour which enabled him, through many long years, and under discouragements which would have repelled abler, but less determined men, to persevere, until he had succeeded in concentrating public opinion, and bringing it to bear on the Legislature. When in London, seeking for a publisher for his prize essay,

He casually met with Joseph Hancock, one of the Society of Friends, whom he had known for many years, but had not seen for a considerable time. Hancock had heard of his prize-essay, and inquired why he had not published it, expressing an opinion that it would meet with a ready sale among the Friends, and he thought also among the public generally. Clarkson replied, "I am now in pursuit of a suitable publisher, can you recommend me to one?" on which Hancock took him to William Phillips, a respectable bookseller in George-yard, Lombard-street, to whom Clarkson offered the work, and whose advice he found to be of great advantage. Phillips was on terms of intimacy with William Dillwyn, and with all the members of the little association who had been silently pursuing their labours in the good cause; to all of whom, as well as to Granville Sharp, Clarkson was by him introduced. The joy of our then young philanthropist, on perceiving thus unexpectedly that he should not in future have to labour alone in this great work, but should have the happiness

to be associated with a small band of most useful coadjutors, was almost overpowering. Adverting to it he remarks, "How surprised was I to hear of the labours of Granville Sharpe, of the writings of Ramsey, and of the controversy in which the latter was engaged, of all which I had hitherto known nothing. How surprised was I to know that William Dillwyn had two years before associated himself with five others for the purpose of enlightening the public mind on this great subject. How astonished was I to learn that a society, with many of the members of which he was intimately connected, had been formed in America. And how still more astonished was I at the encouraging inference, which instantly rushed on my mind, that he was capable of being made the great medium of connexion between the friends of abolition in both countries. These thoughts almost overpowered me. My mind was overwhelmed with the thought that I had been providentially directed to this house, that the finger of Providence was beginning to be felt, that the day-star of African liberty was rising, and that I might probably be permitted to become a humble servant in promoting it."

The essay was published in June 1786. It contained a much more able exposure of the evils connected with the African slave-trade than any previous work. It was welcomed by all the friends of liberty and humanity; and Clarkson soon found, by the numerous invitations he received from different families, that there were some who took a lively interest in the welfare of the despised, oppressed negro.

From thenceforward the life of Thomas Clarkson is merged in the history of the long-continued agitation against slavery and the slave trade. Continually travelling about—conversing with all classes—seeking information—endeavouring to interest influential individuals—exposing himself to obloquy, misrepresentation, disappointment, and even active hostility—he nevertheless persevered, and, amongst others, secured the influential and ultimately powerful and triumphant co-operation of Mr. Wilberforce. Owing to the accidental illness of Mr. Wilberforce, the subject, in 1788, was brought before Parliament by Mr. Pitt; but Wilberforce was, of course, throughout the whole period, the great parliamentary leader in a question by which, in these modern days, the British public were first taught how to succeed, by a peaceful agitation, appealing to the moral and mental sympathies of man. In addition to Thomas Clarkson, the more active friends of the cause were Richard Phillips, George Harrison, William Allen, all of the Society of Friends; Mr. Stephen, who had been in the West Indies as a barrister; and Mr. Zachary Macaulay, who had been governor of Sierra Leone, and had also resided in Jamaica. To these may be added the illustrious statesmen who combined to denounce slavery and the slave-trade, and whose legislative eloquence gave dignity to the cause—Wilberforce, Fox, Burke, Grenville, Grey, Whitbread, Romilly, Lushington, Brougham, Buxton, and others. Nothing can more strongly illustrate the power and cohesiveness of a "vested interest" than the fact, that the slave-trade so long resisted the patient industry, the earnest perseverance, and the noble eloquence of the best and greatest men of their time.

The business which Thomas Clarkson assigned to himself was the collection of evidence; and to this he devoted all his energies, with a self-sustaining endurance which nothing but the most earnest faith could have imparted. He repeatedly travelled over England, visited France during the progress of the Revolution, obtained the approbation of Neckar, the concurrence of La Fayette, and strove to interest Mirabeau; wrote letters, pamphlets, essays, and strove by every possible means to interest the public in the question.

"For seven years," he says, "I had a correspondence to maintain with four hundred persons. I had some work or other annually to write for the cause. During this time I had travelled more than thirty-five thousand miles in search of evidence, performing a great part of these journeys in the night. All this time my mind had been incessantly on the stretch upon one subject only, for I had no leisure to attend to my own concerns. The various instances of barbarity that had frequently come under my notice had vexed, harassed, and afflicted me. The wounds thus inflicted had been deepened by the cruel disappointment I had so often experienced by the reiterated refusal of persons to give their testimony after I had travelled hundreds of miles in quest of them."

Clarkson's health broke down under his labours, and for nine years he retired from the agitation. He did not, however, forget the great cause to which he had devoted himself;

amid other literary labours, his pen was still employed in advocating the abolition of slavery. In 1818, he went to Paris, and afterwards to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he had an interview with the Emperor of Russia, and on his return to England threw his efforts into the cause of the emancipation of the negroes in our West Indian colonies. The dying moments of Wilberforce were cheered by the knowledge of the fact, that a British Parliament had voted twenty millions for their emancipation; but Clarkson lived to learn the complete success of the bold and noble experiment. Latterly, increasing age and infirmities, and a bodily frame by no means naturally strong, precluded him from taking an active part in public meetings. He appeared in 1840 at the great meeting of the Anti-Slavery Convention at Exeter Hall, when the late Duke of Sussex was in the chair; but his infirmities were so great as to require the utmost precaution on the part of the crowded assembly, lest any unusual demonstration of applause should disturb him. His last hours are described in a letter published by an evening contemporary, the *Globe*:—

Playford Parsonage, Ipswich, Sept. 22, 1846.

My dear Sir,—Probably you will have heard, before this communication can reach you, that Mr. Clarkson is no more. He had become seriously worse during the last three weeks, and finally took to his bed on Saturday week. His strength was much enfeebled previously, but till he was driven to his bed he gave his mind to matters of public good. The interests and hardships of our mercantile seamen last engaged his feelings. After he was laid on his bed I do not recollect that he entered upon external matters, but gave his mind much to prayer, and was unwilling to be interrupted in the prayerful course of his thoughts upon the future. He announced that he had made his peace with God, and addressed to a friend, before too weak, what he designed to be, I believe, a definite statement of his views upon the cardinal point of man's hopes, and his own reliance upon it, for the future disposal of his soul.

On Thursday evening Mr. Clarkson subsided into sleep, or unconsciousness, during the continuance of which he did not stir or speak. On Friday evening he roused up with his physical powers much reduced, so that, as he mentioned some of his attendants by name, he could not articulate his wishes for little matters to be done for his ease and comfort. He now spoke with imploring look and with agitated and clasped hands; he was, however, incapable of receiving or enjoying any attentions; and thus, after, I fear, some suffering, he relapsed into a calm about ten minutes before his death, and gently breathed his last about a quarter past three on Saturday morning, in the presence of his family, save his grandson Thomas, and myself.

Mrs. Clarkson is as calm and composed as we can expect; but my wife, owing to constant, and I may say affectionate, attendance upon him, is much worn.

I will only add that "a mighty man is fallen in Israel."

Yours very obediently,

WILLOUGHBY W. DICKINSON.

Some controversy has been excited respecting the share which Thomas Clarkson has had in the anti-slavery agitation; and in the life of Wilberforce, by his sons, there are depreciatory observations, which Clarkson thought it necessary to vindicate himself from. But all this is now at rest; and now that he has dropped, like ripe fruit, into his grave, we can assign him his due share of merit, without awakening any painful feeling in the mind of the most attached friend.

Mr. Clarkson published successively "The History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade," 2 vols. 8vo.; "Thoughts on the necessity of abolishing Slavery," "A Portraiture of Quakerism," 3 vols. 8vo., "Life of William Penn," 2 vols. 8vo. and other works.

A few years since he was presented with the freedom of the City of London, in testimony of his eminent services to the cause of humanity.—*Morning Chronicle*.

THE REV. JOHN CLOWES, M.A.

In our obituary notices, we have recorded the decease of this gentleman, on Monday last, in his 70th year, at his residence, Broughton Old Hall, near this town. For some time past, Mr. Clowes has been gradually sinking, and his decease was the result of the general breaking up of the system. Mr. Clowes was, we believe, the second of three brothers; the eldest, Samuel Clowes, esq. succeeded to the estate, resided at Broughton Hall, and was the sheriff of the county in 1809. The subject of this notice entered the church, and in February

1809 was elected a fellow of the Collegiate Church. In April 1833 he resigned his fellowship, having in the meantime succeeded, on the death of his elder brother, to the family estates, which include nearly the whole of the township of Broughton-with-Kersal. The third brother, the present Colonel Leigh Clowes, entered the army, and will now succeed to the estates. The late Mr. Clowes, on resigning his fellowship, ceased to hold any benefice, and occupied himself during the last ten or twelve years of his life chiefly with botanical pursuits, which he cultivated with great ardour. He possessed one of the finest private collections of orchideous plants in the kingdom, procuring the rarest kinds at considerable expense. His death leaves a vacancy in the list of fellows of the Chetham hospital. The bulk of Mr. Clowes's property is, we understand, left to his brother, Colonel Clowes, of Spondon, near Derby, who has a large family.—*Manchester Guardian*, Sept. 30.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

The death of a Scottish rhymester is recorded at some length in the Glasgow papers. His name was Alexander Rodger, and it appears that one of his songs—"Behave yersel' before folk"—had the honour of quotation in the *Nocies of Blackwood*; whilst another—"Sawney, now the King's come"—(a satire of much cleverness and great pungency, written on the visit paid by George IV. to Scotland in 1822) appeared first in the London *Examiner*, and reached Edinburgh almost simultaneously with the publication of Sir Walter Scott's *Welcome*, entitled "Carle, now the King's come." The coincidence (says the *Glasgow Herald*), and the similarity of the measure were remarkable, and speculation was rife as to who the man could be who dared to write so boldly and bitterly at a time of national enthusiasm. Certain it is, it caused much annoyance to the kind-hearted Minstrel of the North, with whom loyalty amounted almost to a feeling of devotion.

M. GABRIEL GUERIN.

Historical painter, and conservator of the Museum at Strasbourg, while proceeding in a carriage a few days since from Bitche to Deux Ponts, was upset into a ravine in the neighbourhood of Hornbach, in Rhenish Bavaria, by which he was so seriously injured that he shortly afterwards expired.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

In the hope that some of our readers may feel interested in the observation of the periodical Barometric Wave, expected in November, and disposed to co-operate in the registering of it, and remarking its peculiarities, we give place to the following letter, which appeared in the last number of the *Athenæum*:—

GREAT BAROMETRIC WAVE.

SEPT. 23.—Allow me through the medium of your columns to invite the attention of meteorologists to the Great Symmetrical Barometric Wave of November. The notice of this interesting phenomenon, including instructions for observing it, which you kindly inserted in the *Athenæum* of September 6, 1845, was productive of several interesting and valuable sets of observations; and the results deduced from these observations are highly important. During the last autumn, the wave returned and exhibited all its essential features. These results were reported to the British Association at its recent meeting, as mentioned in your notice; and I have been requested by that body to procure a repetition of the observations during the present autumn, and report on them at its next meeting, to be held at Oxford. Any gentleman interested in meteorological research, and feeling desirous of taking part in the observations to be made during the ensuing two months, may obtain the necessary instructions and forms, with any further information he may desire, by addressing a line to me on the subject;—and all observations that may be made in accordance with such instructions, and forwarded to me, will be carefully examined and reported on at the next meeting of the British Association.—W. R. BIRT.

SURGERY IN ALGERIA.—Before the arrival of the French, the natives had no idea of a regular physician, or a surgeon. All diseases came under the treatment of the barber, who did not confine himself merely to bleeding and physicking, but he even

amputated limbs. This operation was performed by a dreadful method, which is said to be still in practice in different parts of Asia, and is always followed by the Kabyles. When an arm is to be cut off, the patient stands upright, with his arm resting on a flat block of wood, and the barber, raising a yatagan, with a single stroke, severs the member from the body. Two assistants then convey the sufferer to a vessel filled with melted pitch, into which they dip the arm, at the part where it has been amputated, to stop the hemorrhage. It is horrible to imagine the torture which must attend this barbarous operation.

GUNTER'S TURTLE-SOUP.—We have tasted some of this excellent soup, which differs from that usually obtained in this country, by the circumstance of its being prepared in the climates where the best turtle are found, and imported in hermetically sealed cases, thus preserving the flavour of the animal in all its zestfulness. We can justly recommend this soup as far superior to that made from the turtles imported alive, and which only reach England in an emaciated flaccid condition that deprives them of more than half their richness.

On Saturday last a number of distinguished savans, including Professors Oersted (of Copenhagen), Matteucci (of Pisa), and Schomburgk (of Upsal), met in the theatre of the Royal Polytechnic Institution for the purpose of carrying out a series of experiments upon the gigantic hydro-electric machine of that establishment. From the eminent character of the philosophers there assembled, and their high reputation as electricians, their experiments were of a most interesting nature. On the day previous the condition of the boiler was carefully tested by hydraulic pressure up to 180lbs. on the inch, which is more than double the working pressure of the engine. The experiments were conducted under the direction of Professor Bachhoffner, whose extensive experience in this branch of science was well and successfully applied during the *seance*.

UNFERMENTED BREAD.—It is a question often asked, why bread baked in Edinburgh should be so much better than the London bread, and the produce of the French ovens so much better than either? Others we have heard remark, that there is no bread equal to the Belgian. Now, supposing the flour to be the same in all, there can be no doubt that the difference must be ascribed to the variable qualities of the yeast employed in the different countries. But the circumstance has become a philosophical question, and for the future it is the fault of the inhabitants of the least favoured yeast district if they do not obtain bread quite as good as their neighbours. This can be easily managed, by not using yeast at all, but such of its constituents, readily procured from the next chemist, on which its fermenting property depends; and this application of science to domestic purposes will, we believe, ere long become generally acted upon. The formula given is as follows:—Take of flour 3 lbs. avoidupois; bicarbonate of soda in powder, 4 drachms; hydrochloric acid, 5 fluid drachms; water, about 26 fluid ounces; common table salt, 4 drachms. Bread made in these proportions contains nothing but flour, salt, and water; for the proportions of soda and hydrochloric acid used are those which, chemically combined, make common salt. The ingredients should be mixed well together, the soda and flour first, which is best done by passing the former through a fine sieve, and stirring it well into the flour with the hand; the salt should be next dissolved and added to the hydrochloric acid (a wooden or glass rod being used to mix them); the whole should be then thrown together, and kneaded as thoroughly and speedily as possible. The dough thus made should be baked in long tins, and is sufficient to make two loaves. About one hour and a half is required in baking. This bread is well tasted, lighter, and more digestible than bread baked with yeast, and is less acescent. There cannot be a question that the unyeasted bread is more to be depended on for the sick chamber or the use of the dyspeptic, and must of course be more safe and wholesome for the public at large.

EXPORT OF ICE FROM THE UNITED STATES TO INDIA.—The amount of ice shipped from Boston last year is stated in the American papers to have been 55,000 tons. The cost to the shippers is 12,432 dollars, or something less than 1s. per ton, but it is delivered on shipboard generally at 2.55 dollars per ton. The average receipts for sales is 3,575,000 dollars, leaving a difference of 3,562,570 dollars, from which

the freight is to be deducted; thus a princely sum remains to go to the profit account. One firm (Gage, Hittinger, and Co.) freighted with it one hundred and one vessels last season. It is regularly shipped to Bombay, Canton, Madras, Calcutta, Mauritius, and all ports of consequence in warm climates. One cargo was recently shipped to the East Indies, and exchanged pound for pound for cotton, and the latter taken to Liverpool, thus realising a very profitable voyage. There are now sixteen companies in Boston engaged in the business of shipping ice to the East and West Indies, and to New Orleans and other southern ports. The demand for the article is now so great for importation, that large contracts have been made for it in Worcester county to be transported to Boston by railroad. They formerly sold their ice in New Orleans at six cents a pound, but now sell it at one cent; and where they made one dollar by selling it at six cents they now make four dollars by selling it at one cent a pound. When it sold at six cents a pound none but the wealthy could afford to purchase, but at one cent all classes buy it, so that it is sold before much of it is wasted by melting. The ice is sawed by a machine into square blocks not less than twelve inches thick, and is packed on board the vessels with straw and hay, boxed with thin timber made air tight. One of the Boston companies paid last year 7,000 dollars for the straw and hay they used for packing. Not satisfied with the limited manner in which this trade has, heretofore, been carried on, the enterprise of Mr. Wyeth has induced him to make arrangements, which almost deserve the title of magnificent, for its further prosecution. He has been engaged during the present season, in the erection of an immense massive building, as a store-house for his favourite article of traffic, which does great credit to his ingenuity, his industry, and enterprise. The main building is composed of a triple wall, 40 feet high, 178 feet wide, and 199 feet long, enclosing more than three-fourths of an acre of land, and capable of containing upwards of 39,000 tons of ice. The walls are of brick, and measure four feet from the outside of the outer wall to the inside of the inner one; the intermediate wall between the two thus forming two air spaces. All three are connected by thin transverse brick walls, from the outside wall to the middle, and from that to the inner one. To prevent heat passing through them, they are so placed that no one of them is continuous through. Those which form the connection of the middle and outer walls, are intermediate between those which connect the middle with the inner one; thus forming, as it were, overlapping flues from the bottom to the top of the building. These flues or air spaces, are again cut off by connections between the walls, laid horizontally. Here the same rule of never connecting the outer with the middle wall at the same place as the middle is connected with the inner one, is again observed. These last connections are of plank, resting on projections in the brick-work. About 15,000,000 bricks, and 800,000 feet of boards and other lumber, have been used in the construction. There are five receiving doors, opening into as many vaults, into which the building is divided. All the blocks of ice are of equal dimensions—and each vault is of such capacity as to contain an exact number of them, without any loss of room in the stowage. The whole is covered with five roofs, which are supported by the outside walls and the partition walls which separate the vaults. There is one discharging door, through which the ice contained in the vaults is to be placed on the railroad cars.—*Bengal Hurkaru*.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

367. HEIR-AT-LAW AND NEXT OF KIN OF ANN WILLIAMS, of Tottenham, Middlesex, widow of Thomas Williams.
368. NEXT OF KIN OF — MANNERS, who is reported to have fallen in the battle of Waterloo, and who in 1837 had a sister living in or near London.
369. EDWARD HOPPERTON, formerly an ironmonger in New-

- castle-on-Tyne, and afterwards in the Custom House, in London; JANE JACKSON, JANE HARTNESS, and PETER THELWALL, or their representatives.
370. CHILDREN OF EDWARD MACKANESS, late of Meridant-street, Birmingham, deceased, living at the death of Francis Mackaness, late of Birmingham, victualler, deceased, which took place in February, 1816, or their representatives.
371. BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THOMAS HOLLIDAY, formerly of Liverpool, master mariner (died in February 1787), or their representatives.
372. CHILD OF CHILDREN OF THOMAS ALLEN (or their representatives), who formerly lived at Tilehurst, then at Wallingford, and in 1793, emigrated to Springfield, county of Delaware, Pennsylvania, where he died in 1794, leaving, it is believed, five children. To claim a legacy under will of one Elizabeth Pontyerosa.
373. EDWARD ATKINS SMITH, FREDERICK SMITH, and HENRY SMITH, (the first of whom is supposed to be a resident in or near Devon, and the other two abroad), brothers of SYDNEY JAMES SMITH, deceased, who was a Lieutenant in the Hon. East-India Company's service, and died at Bombay, on 24th April, 1834. *Something to advantage.*
374. PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE of the person who was the HEIR-AT-LAW OF THEOPHILUS ROYLEY, citizen and draper, of London (died 1656). *Something to advantage.*
375. NEPHEWS AND NIECES OF JOHN WIXTON, late of Southampton, gentleman (died 26th July, 1831), or their representatives. *Something to advantage.*
376. NEXT OF KIN OF ELLEN SKEFFINGTON MASTERS, late of 12, Montague-street, Russell-square, deceased.
377. Mr. YATES, who was clerk to a solicitor residing in Lambeth or Brixton, and who, in 1825, married Elizabeth Welland. *Something to advantage.*
378. NEXT OF KIN OF WILLIAM GOODALL, late of Farnival'-lan, and Notting-hill, Middlesex, solicitor (died about Dec. 1833), or their representatives.
379. SECOND COUSINS, or their representatives, of ELIZABETH FOSTER, late of Sherborne, Dorset (died 9th February, 1827), of the name of SLADE, including females who have changed their names by marriage.
380. HEIR-AT-LAW AND NEXT OF KIN OF THOMAS PETERS, late of Mortlake, Surrey, tailor. *Something to advantage.*
381. NEXT OF KIN OF PHILIP PAYNE, late of Bodminton, and of Dedmorton, and of Oldbury-on-the-Hill, Gloucester. He was a native of Harlow, and died on the 4th of June, 1829. *Entitled to some property.*
(To be continued weekly.)

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The volumes of THE CRITIC handsomely, strongly, and uniformly bound, as they are completed, at 4s. 6d. each. The stamped numbers may be transmitted by the post, open at the ends, addressed to the Publisher, with a distinctive mark, of which advice should be given in a letter directing how the volumes, when bound, shall be returned.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PROHIBITED WORKS.—Five new works have been added by Pius IX. to the books forbidden to be read in "Universal Christendom," and which his Holiness *dannat proscriptis proscriptisque in indicem librorum prohibitorum*. The doomed works are—Les Evangiles, traduction nouvelle, avec des notes et des réflexions à la fin de chaque chapitre, par F. Lamennais; Gli Evangeli tradotti in lingua Italiana da G. Diodati con le riflessioni e note di Francesco Lamennais tradotte da Pietro Silvestro Leopardi; Il Veggente in solitudine, poema polimetro di Gabriele Rossetti; Historia da Franco-Maçonaria, ou dos pedreiros livres pelo Author da bibliotheca Maçonica.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.—The Commissioners of the Customs have received a communication from the secretary of the Treasury, calling their attention to the fifth article of the Prussian treaty, with respect to the stamping of books intended for exportation to the United Kingdom. It is desired

that in carrying into effect the orders in council transmitted to the Customs on the 3rd instant, they will instruct their officers to admit, on the scale of duties specified in the schedule of the act of last session, cap. 58, all such books as may be stamped in the manner agreed upon in the above article, and to transmit to them, for their information, patterns of the stamps which have been forwarded by the Prussian government for that purpose. Copies of this order of the Lords of the Treasury, issued in compliance with and by direction of the last paragraph in the orders in council affecting the matter, with patterns of the stamps alluded to, have been furnished to the revenue officers in London, and the collectors and comptrollers of the customs at the several outports of the kingdom, for their information and government, in carrying the convention into effect.

AMERICA.—Mr. George Bancroft, a literary man of some eminence, is appointed ambassador to England in place of Mr. M'Lean. Heaven knows we are no admirers of the American system generally, but in the appointment of men such as Everett, Wheaton, Irving, Rush, Legarry, Pinckney, and Thompson Waddy, all distinguished by literary capability, the daughter has shown an example worthy of imitation by the mother country.—*Herald.*

THE NEW POPE.—A correspondent at Rome writes on the 16th instant, in the *Nuremberg Correspondent*, "A soldier lately presented to the Pope a loaf of bread of the worst quality, saying that even the convicts at the galleys had not worse food. On the following day the Pope sent for the Minister of War, and after a conference of a few minutes invited him to breakfast, at which a plate with the soldiers' bread was set before him. The minister turned pale and could not touch it. Pius IX. then said to him, 'You do not eat! you find the bread too bad! and yet it is the same as is given to my soldiers.' The minister declared that he was ignorant of the fact; to which the Pope replied, 'But I know it. I know that the complaints of the soldiers are not listened to, because the officers are corrupt.' The minister withdrew in consternation. An inquiry was instituted. The friend of Count N——, who had the distribution of the bread, the contractor, and the baker, were arrested and taken to the castle of Saint Angelo. To-day every soldier had four *bajocas* given him to buy his own bread; and this is to be continued until further orders."

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The Museum, which is ordinarily closed between the 1st and 7th of September (after which the hours for visiting it are limited from 9 to 4 o'clock), was on Friday, the 11th instant, re-opened to the public, the additional two days of exclusion having been found requisite in order to complete various alterations in the position of many of the contents of the Museum, consequent on the extensive building operations and enlargements now rapidly approaching towards completion. These alterations are, of course, as yet by no means complete, nor will they be so till all the erections are finished; in fact, many of the "situations" in which particular objects of art are temporarily placed partake somewhat of the ridiculous. For example, we find, in the central saloon of the Gallery of Antiquities, Shakspeare cheek by jowl with the Jupiter Ammon, and Sir Joseph Banks in very friendly juxtaposition with another respectable heathen deity. Very considerable alterations are going on in the grand Elgin Saloon, as well in the arrangement of the bas-reliefs on the walls as in the position of the large sculptures from the pediments of the Parthenon; but, the workmen and their paraphernalia being still in the room, it is impossible to speak as to the final adjustment of its valuable contents. In the ante-room to this hall, ranged on each side of the approach to it, are now placed the beautiful models of the Parthenon lately executed by Mr. Lucas, the one on the right hand represented, from the descriptions which have been handed down to us by antique writers, as it existed after its restoration by Pericles. The model is about twelve feet long, and of proportionate breadth and height. The artist has very cleverly and distinctly represented the beautiful sculptures that once decorated that splendid temple. In every respect he has adhered to the descriptions, even to the representation of that famous work of Phidias, the great statue of Minerva in gold and ivory (even this is imitated), which adorned the interior. The model will be of admirable use to the unlettered visitor, in showing the uses of the glorious remains in the adjoining room. The other model exhibits the

temple, alas! as it is. Considerable improvements have been made in other portions of the Museum. The fine collection of architectural casts formed by Sir Thomas Lawrence are to be assigned a resting-place worthy of their high importance in art. The place they formerly occupied is now converted into a handsome apartment for the reception of the few remains of British, or rather Roman British, antiquities which the Museum possesses. Here have been removed the various specimens of mosaic pavement found in Gloucester and other parts of England, the few mural inscriptions, and the large leaden bars which testify to the mineral importance of Britain in the time of Domitian and Adrian. The room is still under the dominion of the carpenters. Up stairs a new department has been formed, called the "Ethnographical Room," in which are deposited the various articles brought from the South Seas and elsewhere, and which formed the deposits in the room off the grand entrance staircase. In the natural history department some minor alterations have been made likewise. In the Long Gallery, devoted to the geological and mineral collections, the huge mastodon has been placed in an excellent situation. Anything, however, like a perfect arrangement cannot be expected until the completion of the operations in the building. —*Globe*.

An interesting discovery was made on the 25th ult. on the domain of Harbourg (Bavaria), belonging to Prince d'Ottenger-Wallenstein, Minister of Finance in that country. While workmen were employed in making some excavations, they suddenly came on the basement of a large Roman villa, and, at a small distance from the spot, they discovered the ruins of baths, the rooms of which were ornamented with fresco paintings in good preservation. Under the pavement and in the walls were pipes for the circulation of warm air, similar to those discovered in other Roman ruins in Germany. The prince has given orders for laying bare those remains, and also for continuing the excavations in all directions.

THE PONIATOWSKI GEMS.—On Tuesday Mr. Price submitted to public competition, at the Auction Rooms, Chancery-lane, Mr. J. Tyrrell's entire collection of proof impressions from the antique gems of the late Prince Stanislaus Poniatowski. They consisted of medallion representations of the principal scenes and events throughout the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," and the "Æneid," together with some of the fabulous feats of the mythological characters of ancient Greece and Rome. The first portion offered related chiefly to the higher divinities, and the whole of the lots of the first class realized 72 guineas. From No. 112 Canova borrowed the design of his "Mars and Venus;" as also his "Hercules hurling Lychas into the sea" from No. 463.

TESTIMONIAL TO MADAME TAGLIONI.—A most beautiful and costly group in silver, intended as a present to Mdlle. Taglioni, from certain admirers of that lady, has just been completed by the Messrs. Garrard, of the Haymarket, after a design by Mr. Cotterill. The piece of plate represents the celebrated *danseuse* in the character of *Diana*, in the ballet of *Diana and Endymion*. The lightness and sylph-like character of her figure have been admirably portrayed by the artist, and contrast beautifully with the recumbent form of *Endymion*, who sleeps upon a bank. The whole is replete with grace and elegance, and, like all Mr. Cotterill's compositions, is enriched with tasteful and appropriate accessories. This handsome tribute to her genius is shortly to be presented to Mdlle. Taglioni.

BANIM'S WIDOW.—The Irish newspapers inform us that Lord John Russell has, voluntarily and without solicitation, considerably placed poor Banim's widow on the pension-list for 50*l.* per annum. This kind act, friendly to literature, is the second which his lordship has been enabled to perform during his short possession of power; a provision in the customs for the only son of the "Old Sailor," Mr. Barker, was his first step in a line which is always so popular and acceptable to the nation at large.

DR. WARNEFORD.—We are gratified to record another act of munificence of the Rev. Dr. Warneford. That generous patron of Queen's College has presented, through William Sands Cox, Esq. the noble donation of 1,000*l.* to form an endowment fund for a medical tutor to reside in the College, whose services will also be accessible to the non-recident student. —*Birmingham Gazette*.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From Sept. 26 to Oct. 3.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Andersen's (Hans C.) *Poet's Bazaar*, translated by C. Beckwith, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—*Æschylus' Prometheus Vinctus*, with Notes, by Bishop Blomfield, 8th edit. 8vo. 8s. bds.
- Blessington's (Lady) *Lionel Deerpur, or Fashionable Life under the Regency*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Bogue's European Library*, Vol. XII. "Mignet's History of the French Revolution," post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Bohn's Standard Library*, Vol. XI. "Heckman's History of Inventions," Vol. II. with portrait of Watt, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Bonnycastle's* (Lieut.-col. Sir Richard) *Canada and the Canadians in 1846*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.
- Christian Retirement, or Spiritual Exercises of the Heart*, 15th edit. 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.
- Darvill's (R.) *Treatise on the Care, Treatment, and Training of the English Race-Horse*, 3rd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s. cl.—*Dobbs's Drawing-room Card Almanac*, 1847, 1s. illuminated.
- Galloway's (Rev. W. B.) *Gate of Prophecy, or the Revelation by St. John expounded*, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.—*German Reformation of the Nineteenth Century*, by the German Correspondent of the *Continental Echo*, post 8vo. 9s. cl.—*Gordon's* (Miss) *Book of Ecclesiastes*, illuminated royal 4to. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. paper, 2*l.* 13s. 6d. mor.
- Herbert's (H. W.) *The Roman Traitor, a True Tale of the Republic*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Hind's* (Dr. Saml.) *History of Christianity*, new edit. 8vo. 15s. bds.—*Horace*, with Explanatory Notes by C. Anthon, LL.D. 9th edit. with index of names and places, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.
- Jagoe's (J.) *Practice of the Courts for the Recovery of Small Debts in England*, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—*James's* (G. P. R.) *Works*, Vol. X. "The Brigand, or Corse de Leon," royal 8vo. 8s. cl.
- Liebig's (Justus) *Chemistry and Physics, in relation to Physiology and Pathology*, 8vo. 3s. cl. swd.—*Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain*, "Cabinet Edition," vol. 2, fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
- Mainzer's *Music Book for the Young*, oblong, 1s. swd.—*Mounsey's* (G. G.) *Authentic Account of the Occupation of Carlisle in 1745*, 8vo. 9s. cl.
- Naturalist's Library*, vol. 13, People's Edition, "Fly Catchers," 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*Narrien's* (Profr.) *Analytical Geometry for the Use of the Royal Military Academy*, 8vo. 8s. 6d. roan.—*New English Spelling Book*, 12mo. 1s. cl.
- Parlour Novelist* (The), vol. 10, "Dark Lady of Doona," by W. H. Maxwell, esq. 12mo. 2s. swd. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Paget's* (Rev. F. E.) *Hope of the Katchekops* (Jav. Eng. Lib. vol. 2), new edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Pilleau's Views in Egypt*, 8 plates, imperial folio, 1*l.* 10s. plain, 2*l.* 2s. coloured.—*Political Dictionary*, a work of Universal Reference, both Constitutional and Legal, vol. 2, sq. 12mo. 15s. cl.
- Roget's* (P. M.) *Economic Chess Board*, with complete set of Men, 2s. 6d. cl. case.—*Rose's Biographical Dictionary*, vol. 10, 8vo. 18s. cl.
- Standard Novels*, vol. 103, "My Cousin Nicholas," by author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," fcap. 8vo. 6s. cl.—*Slade's* (Rev. Jas.) *Parochial Sermons*, vol. 3, 3rd edit. 12mo. 6s. bds.—*Smith's* (Dr.) *Manual of Theology*, 4th edit. 12mo. 8s. 6d. bds.—*Smith's* (J. T.) *Antiquarian Ramble in the Streets of London*, with anecdotes of their more celebrated Residents, by Dr. Mackay, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. cl.
- Tenison's* (Lady L.) *Sketches in the East*, 32 Lithographic Plates, folio, 6*l.* 6s. plain, 10*l.* 10s. coloured.—*Thomas's* (Capt. G. P.) *Views in Simla*, 24 plates and maps, imperial folio, 4*l.* 4s. plain, 10*l.* 10s. coloured.
- Vidal's* (Mrs.) *Tales for the Bush*, 3rd edit. 16mo. 5s. cl.
- Udall's* (H.) *New County Courts Act*, 9 & 10 Vict. c. 95, for Debts, Damages, &c. 12mo. 4s. bds.
- Welford's* (R. G. esq.) *Influences of the Game Laws*. 8vo. 3s. cl.
- Zumpt's* (C. G.) *School Grammar of the Latin Language*, translated by L. Schmidt, 12mo. 4s. cl.

GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

TO CHANGE THE COLOUR OF A ROSE.—Place a fresh gathered rose in water as far as the stem will allow, then powder it over with fine rappee snuff, being careful not to load it too much—in about three hours, on shaking off the snuff, it will have become a green rose.

TO REVIVE A FADING FLOWER.—Cut the stalk, and hold it a few moments in the flame of the candle, and then set the flower again in the cold water, when it will recover its strength almost visibly after this violent assistance, and blossom immediately.

SCOTLAND.—**TRAVELLING CONVENIENCES** in 1660.—The following extract from the records of the Town Council of Edinburgh indicates what travelling conveniences were available to the Scottish public not quite two centuries ago. Leith, the port of Edinburgh, is distant from the city about two miles, and on the 28th of September, 1660, the authorities granted—"Libertie and tolerance to William Woodcock, lait officer in Leith, to fit and set up ane haickney coach, for service of his Majesty's leidges, betwix Leith and Edinburgh, at the rates following—viz. for the coach hyre up or down, with ane single person 12 shillings: if the person desire to go alone, and if that person who hyres the coach will wait for another to go along with him, to pay no more. If three persons goes along with him to pay no more bot 12 shillings all the three. If any mae person, nor three, each man to pay four shill. Scots for their hyres, and the persons coming up to Edinburgh, to light at the fute of Leith Wynd, for the staynes yr. of, and this order to continue during the counsell's pleasure allanerlie. Pot prejudice always to the said William Woodcock, to serve others going to and frae the country, to other places, as he and they can agree." A shilling "Scots" was nearly equal to an English penny. The fare per omnibus from Edinburgh to Leith at present is twopence.

A DEPUTY WANTED.—"I can't speak in public—never done such a thing in all my life," said a chap the other night, at a public meeting, who had been called upon to hold forth; "but if any body in the crowd will speak for me, I'll hold his hat."—*New York Paper.*

To Readers and Correspondents.

We cannot insert, or notice in any way, any communication that is sent to us anonymously; but those who choose to address us in confidence will find their confidence respected. NEITHER CAN WE UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY MANUSCRIPT WHATSOEVER.

SCHOLASTICS.—It would give us great pleasure to be enabled to aid our correspondent in his inquiries as to the proper course of study for a civil engineer, but as we do not belong to that profession we are unable to supply the information.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AN INFALLIBLE HAIR DYE.

ROWLAND'S MELACOMIA.—The most successful Liquid Preparation ever known in this or any other country for Dyeing the Hair of the Head, Whiskers, Mustachios, and Eyebrows a natural and permanent brown or black, so exactly resembling the natural colour of the hair as to defy detection. It is perfectly innocent in its nature, is free from any unpleasant smell, and can be used by any Lady or Gentleman with the greatest ease and secrecy. Its effect is so permanent that neither water nor perspiration will influence it; and it is entirely free from those properties (usual in Hair Dyes) which give an unnatural red or purple tint to the hair. Price 5s.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO, or PEARL DENTIFRICE.—A fragrant white powder, prepared from Oriental herbs of inestimable virtue for preserving and beautifying the Teeth and strengthening the Gums. It eradicates tartar from the teeth, removes from the surface of the teeth the spots of incipient decay, polishes and preserves the enamel, imparting the most pure and pearl-like whiteness; while, from its salubrious and disinfecting qualities, it gives sweetness and perfume to the breath. Its purifying and invigorating properties have obtained its exclusive selection by the Court and Royal Family of Great Britain, and of the Sovereigns and Nobility throughout Europe, while the general demand for it at once announces the favour in which it is universally held. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

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THE OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE REVIEW, and UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. Price 2s. 6d. OCTOBER. Contents of No. XV.

1. Dr. Hook on the Education of the People. 2. Colonial Episcopacy. 3. Prestiges of Protestantism. 4. The Colliery Districts, No. 2. 5. Sunny Spots. By the Lake Side. 6. Rome. 7. Reviews. 8. Riponian Revelations.

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JOURNAL FOR THE ARCHITECT, ENGINEER, OPERATIVE, AND ARTIST.

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METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.—The Company having obtained the Act of Incorporation, the Directors are prepared to receive APPLICATIONS for the unappropriated SHARES. An early allotment will be made.

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To the Directors of the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company.
Gentlemen—I hereby request you to allot me shares of 20/- each, in the above company, and I undertake to accept the same, or any less number that may be allotted to me, and to pay the deposit of 1/- per share, and to execute the necessary deeds when required.

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Address to Messrs. Bailey, Shaw, and Smith, Solicitors, 5, Berners-street, London.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF THE SELECT COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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"Mrs. Weekley, of No. 3, Swan-street, Borough, takes this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. W. GRIMSTONE, of the Herbar, Highgate, for the efficacy of his AROMATIC REGENERATOR, in having completely restored the hair on her head after using it about four months, and her hair is now much stronger and more luxuriant than it was previously to its falling off. Mrs. W. inserts this testimony, thinking that the virtues of this preparation cannot be too generally known, not only in the restoration and production of hair, but in the cure of nervous and other head aches, and will be happy to answer the inquiries of any respectable person."

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35	1 8 6	2 17 0	35	1 4 11	2 9 10
40	1 13 3	3 6 6	40	1 9 2	2 18 4
45	1 19 6	3 19 0	45	1 14 10	3 9 8
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I, Hugh Macdonald, of Lot 55, in King's County, do hereby declare, that a most wonderful preservation of my life has been effected by the use of Holloway's Pills and Ointment; and I furthermore declare, that I was very much afflicted with ulcerous sores in my face and leg; so severe was my complaint, that the greater part of my nose and the roof of my mouth was eaten away, and my leg had three large ulcers on it, and that I applied to several medical gentlemen, who prescribed for me, but I found no relief. My strength was rapidly failing every day, and the malady on the increase; when I was induced to try Holloway's medicines. After taking two or three boxes, I experienced so much relief, and found the progress of the disease was so much arrested, that I was enabled to resume my ordinary labours in the field. The sores, which were so disagreeable and repulsive to behold, are now nearly all healed. Having received such truly beneficial aid, I feel myself bound to express my gratitude to the person by whose means I have thus been restored from the pitiable and miserable state I was in; and for the sake of humanity make known my case, that others similarly situated might be relieved.

(Signed) HUGH MACDONALD.

This declaration made before me, at Bay Fortune, the 3rd day of September, 1845.

JOSEPH COFFIN, Justice of the Peace.

The above case of Hugh Macdonald, of Lot 55, came personally under my observation; and when he first applied to me to get some of the medicines, I thought his case utterly hopeless, and told him that his malady had got such hold that it was only throwing his money away to use them. He, however, persisted in trying them, and to my astonishment I find what he has aforesaid stated to be perfectly correct, and consider the case to be a most wonderful cure.

(Signed) WILLIAM UNDERHAY, Bay Fortune.

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